National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

A VOICE FROM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

LETTER FROM EX-GOVERNOR SLADE.

[The following letter was addressed to the Convention lately held at Bradford, Vt.]

MIDDLEBURY, Jan. 20, 1858.

N. R. JOHNSTON—*Dear Sir:* I have received your favour inviting me to attend and address an Anti-Slavery Convention to be held at Bradford on the 26th and 27th of the present month. I am sorry to be obliged to say that my health is such as to forbid an acceptance of your invitation.

The leading purpose of the proposed Convention, as expressed in your letter, is to "initiate a moral movement," in regard to slavery, "on a higher platform than that occupied by the leading political parties. In this purpose I heartily sympathize. Efforts are certainly needed to give greater depth, and breadth, and strength, to the existing anti-slavery feeling. It needs a new impulse—a higher tone. It wants more heart—more of the vitalizing influence of Christian principle. Opposition to slavery is necessarily connected with political parties and political contests. The tendency of this is to corrupt its morality—to substitute a flexible rule of political expediency for the unbending rule of right. There are drawn within the anti-slavery current great numbers who, either from want of reflection or want of principle, fail to get to the bottom of the question, and act from motives which slight changes of circumstances may render powerless for any earnest effort in the right direction.

The public heart should be fast anchored to the great fundamental truth, that all men are *equal before God*, and, of right, *equal before human law;* and that to set up an *ownership* in a human being is a direct invasion of the prerogative of Him who has said, "All souls are mine," and said it in a sense altogether different from His claim of ownership in "the cattle upon a thousand hills," inasmuch as a rational, responsible being is different from the brute that perishes, and that is expressly given to the ownership of man by the great Proprietor. To claim property in man, and to treat him as property, is therefore a flagrant wrong—a high crime. It stands quite above all questions of political economy—of pecuniary loss and gain—of the competition of slave and free labour—and even above the demoralizing influence of slavery itself.

The great, broad, deep, everlasting distinction between right and wrong must take possession of the public heart and conscience. God's authority must be held supreme. There must be felt the force of a law higher than human—a law before which human laws and constitutions must bow—a law whose sanctions reach into the great future, when human laws and constitutions shall have passed away, and masters and slaves shall stand together, upon a common level, before "the judgment seat of Christ." How insignificant and unavailing will *there* appear all the pleas and pretences here resorted to, to justify human slavery, and yet *that* ordeal is but a step before the men of this generation!

With sentiments such as these great truths are fitted to inspire must this nation be penetrated—ministers of religion—churches—rulers—people—politicians—partisans—all! All must feel that there is a God who abhors oppression, and who will not hold guiltless the unrepenting oppressor, or the unrepenting nation that countenances and sustains the oppression. No attempted anti-slavery reform will prove effectual, into which a conviction of the inherent wrong of slavery, and of responsibility to the God of the oppressed does not enter as a fundamental element.

Much, it is true, may be accomplished through the agency of other causes. Motives of interest may operate, and political parties may be organized; but neither can be counted on for the *steady* and *enduring* influence that is needed. In the ever-shifting phases of party contests, fundamental principles may be lost sight of. The public morality may become debased and corrupted, insomuch that even the efforts of a party organized for Freedom may degenerate into a struggle for mere victory and the spoils. Thus, as the political contest now being waged waxes warmer, and men are nerved with heroic energy to withstand the aggressions of slavery, is there an increased necessity of vigorous efforts to infuse into the contest the Christian element. It is the salt needed to preserve from corruption.

I do not discountenance party organization or party effort. I rejoice that a party is formed to resist the aggressions of slavery. I pray that it may be successful. It shall not want my humble coöperation. But I have very little hope that it will succeed unless it shall feel a higher inspiration than can be drawn from motives of political expediency. If mere politicians, lusting for office, should, in an evil hour, get possession of the party machinery, and control its movements, I should look for no anti-slavery triumph which would not involve the terrible compensation of deep and wide-spread political corruption. It might be long before the victorious Republican party would become as corrupt as the present dominant political party has become, in the twenty-nine years of its downhill progress; but without the conservative influence of which I have spoken, it would, most assuredly, go in the same direction. And what a direction! What a result! I can hardly imagine a lower deep of corruption than has been reached. I feel deeply the aggressions of the Slave Power; but they are not, in my judgment, more dangerous than the growth and consolidation of the dominant party, with the President of the United States controlling its movements, and enforcing his behests by holding the rod of removal over the heads of forty thousand office-holders, stationed in every city and village throughout the country; while Executive favours are the well-known bounties for enlistment in his service.

What a *combination* here rises to our view! The overbearing, domineering, all-grasping Slave Power, joined to the chronic corruption of a great Central Government, sending the pestilential influences of party patronage to the remotest extremities of the Union. Oppression and corruption combined to consolidate their joint empire over a land consecrated by Revolutionary blood to purity and freedom!

There seems, indeed, just now, some prospect that this combined power may be broken. Confusion has been sent into its counsels. The author of the wicked repeal of the Missouri Compromise recoils from the result to which the Slave Power has pushed its pretensions, under that repeal; and he now stands in a position of antagonism to the Administration that is attempting to force a Slavery Constitution on Kansas, in flagrant disregard of the clearly expressed will of its people. I fervently pray that this breach may never be healed; but I am going to wait awhile, before I indulge an absurd hope that it will not be healed. *The Slave Power may yet get more than an equivalent for this unexpected opposition, in other concessions to its claims!* If such concessions can be made with *safety to the party*, they *will* be made. Its leaders have no hostility to slavery which is not entirely subordinate to an all-absorbing desire to *sustain the party*, with its rank corruptions and the prestige of its name. I am thankful for all the aid derived from mere politicians, from appeals to selfishness, and from the divided counsels of those who make merchandise of politics; but here is not the main reliance. There will be no safety, in *the approaching storm*, but in the sheet-anchor of Christian Principle. If I understand the object of your meeting, it is to *hold on to this anchor*. In this I am with you fully, and heartily bid you God speed.

Yours for Truth and the Right, WILLIAM SLADE.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CONVENTION.

Resolved, That, as friends of human rights, we have met not to form a new political party, nor to effect any local, State or national object, but, by all the religious and moral means in our power, to promote the great cause of Human Freedom, and the best interests of the oppressed millions, and of the Nation, in the immediate and entire abolition of American slavery and the triumph of Liberty throughout the land. Nevertheless, we would labour for such a regeneration of public opinion as will compel all parties to be true to Freedom.

Resolved, That American slavery is a heinous sin and infamous outrage against God and humanity; at war with natural right, the Bible, Christianity and the Gospel of Christ, and is the deadliest foe to both master and slave, as well as to the peace and prosperity of the nation.

Resolved, That for this, the great sin of the nation, the God of the oppressed has a controversy with us, and nothing but breaking off our sins by righteousness, and showing mercy to the poor, can avert the impending desolating judgments of Heaven.

Resolved, That the present almost absolute control of the National Government by the Slave Power—the filibustering designs of the South for the purpose of extending the slave system into new territories—the fearful and monstrous decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case—the official declaration of President Buchanan that slaveholders are as much entitled to hold slaves in any of the Territories as any other property—the fearful and startling doctrines avowed by the South in favour of reviving the African slave trade, and the continued subjugation and fearful condition of Kansas—are new evidences that the Slave Power is determined, if possible, to drive the friends of Freedom to the wall; and are also additional evidences that Freedom and Slavery cannot live together. In view of these facts we are called to gird on the whole armour of righteousness, and renew our efforts to annihilate both Slavery and the Slave Power.

Resolved, That, as anti-slavery men, as patriots and as Christians, it is our imperative duty to strive for, and demand, not only the overthrow of the present pro slavery Administration, not only the freedom of Kansas and other United States territory, and not merely the annihilation of the Slave Power in the National Government, but the repeal of *every* law, constitutional or statute, which sustains slavery, the repeal of every compromise with slaveholders, and the entire abolition of slavery throughout the whole land.

Whereas slaveholders, being man-stealers and traffickers in human flesh, are wholly unworthy of membership in the Church of Christ, or in a free government, therefore

Resolved, That fellowshipping slaveholders, in either Church or State, is not only utterly inconsistent with pure religion and true patriotism, but is a heinous sin against God and the slave.

Resolved, That the late decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, declaring that coloured men are not and cannot be entitled to the privileges of citizens of the United States, and that they have no rights which white men are bound to respect, is as mean as it is unjust and anti-republican, and we are in duty bound to demand, in the name of outraged humanity, the speedy revocation of this most unrighteous and oppressive decision.

Resolved, That the late act of the Free State men in Kansas, by which they endeavoured to frame and adopt constitutional law to prevent free people of colour from obtaining a home in that Territory or State, as well as the recent act of the people of Oregon, in adopting a Constitution which excludes free coloured men from that proposed State, are unjust and base, as well as anti-republican, inasmuch as they would make Kansas and Oregon free for the white man, but not for the black, and are other among many evidences that the people of the United States regard the country as free to all except the disfranchised people of colour; for these anti-republican features of the Kansas and Oregon Constitutions, Congress should refuse them admission as States.

Whereas the revised code of the District of Columbia, prepared under the authority of an act of Congress, and which is shortly to be voted upon by the people of the District, distinctly recognises the claim of property in man, and contains provisions respecting slaves, and sections respecting slavery, infamously unjust and oppressive; and whereas this slave code is enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, therefore

Resolved, That the existence of the present slave code, and the proposed new one, are evidences that slavery is a national institution, and we heartily testify against this national sin, and against all who sustain it.

Resolved, That we, now in Convention assembled, do petition Congress to repeal the existing slave code of the District of Columbia, and to abolish slavery in that national territory; and that a committee of three be appointed to prepare a petition to be signed by the members of this Convention and forwarded immediately.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to report on the propriety of calling a County or State Convention, or of organizing a County or State Society, so as to secure the more successful coöperation of anti-slavery men; this committee to act as executive committee until such Convention shall be called.

Whereas the Secretaries and Publishing Committee of the American Tract Society proclaim to the whole country that they will allow no tract to be issued by the Society reflecting in any manner upon the slave system, or pointing out any evils that may be connected with it, or questioning the right of any trafficker in human flesh to pursue his piratical vocation, or of any professed Christians to chattelize their fellow-Christians, on the ground that such a tract would not be calculated to receive the sanction of all evangelical persons, and, therefore, would be in violation of the Constitution of the Society, therefore

Resolved, That while the American Tract Society is in such hands, and maintains such a position in regard to four millions of God's children, who are trodden under foot, and ranked with the beasts of the field and fowls of the air, we cannot recognise it as a Christian association, or contribute to its funds, but will bear testimony against it as a pro-slavery Society, until it can be induced to change its position.

Resolved, That the history of the anti-slavery struggle clearly shows that the safety of freedom in this land requires that the aggressions of slavery be effectually checked; that it can be restrained only by being conquered; that it is conquered only when it is permanently subdued, and that it is subdued only when it is exterminated; and we can, therefore, be satisfied, as men, citizens or Christians, only when "Liberty shall be proclaimed throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

From The Springfield Republican.

An excellent opportunity is now offered to the American people, as represented by Congress, to try a great experiment. The South has been enabled for several years to carry all its measures by getting up schemes, and bruiting threats, of disunion. It never initiates and undertakes to carry through a measure for the benefit of the slave interest but what it threatens the opposition with disunion as the penalty of its own defeat. The threats are usually begun in Congress. Then we are informed, through the public press, that half a dozen Southern Governors have declared that, provided their pet measure is defeated they will immediately call their Legislatures together, for the purpose of withdrawing their States from the Union, and bringing the country to everlasting smash. It is stated that Southern members are constantly in the receipt of letters from all parts of the South, written by men standing on the verge of disunion, stripped to their skins, a handkerchief tied round their heads, and swinging their arms ready for a dive into the awful gulf, at the first word from head-quarters. This is the usual course, and we are having it played over in this Lecompton struggle, in the same old way. The same old fellows are swinging their arms and trying their knees for the grand plunge, and making indecent exposure of their persons in the sight of the civilized world.

Now, we say, an excellent opportunity is offered to the American people to try a great experiment. Let us defeat the Lecompton swindle, at all hazards, and by any parliamentary means whatsoever, and then stand back and see these fellows dive. We are anxious to see the thing done; and if we had no better motive for defeating this measure, we would advocate it on the ground that this experiment is every way desirable. We have a great curiosity to see how they will do it. We believe, too, in freedom, and we should be very sorry to see any of these threatening States remaining in the Union a moment after they are sick of the connection. In fact, we will be one of six to hold their clothes when they dive, and, if they never come up again, restore them to their friends.

We have laboured under the impression for several years that the will of the majority should be the rule of our government, and that a State which will not bow to this has no business in the Republic. When, therefore, a State says that unless the will of the minority governs it will secede, it strikes us that the quicker it secedes the better it will be for the rest of us. We, the majority, have had a good deal of difficulty with such States, and should undoubtedly get along much more harmoniously without them. They will be obliged to leave us the federal property, when they set up "on their own hook," and we shall go along swimmingly. Besides, it will remove from us many temptations to sin. It is an astounding fact, but unfortunately it is well authenticated, that the love of office and the hope of plunder have induced a large number of Northern men to coöperate with these blustering chaps in befouling our historic record. With golden rings in their noses, they have been led into compromises and concessions, until the Union has become only a kind of eolian attachment to the slave system. Others of us, and perhaps all of us, have been frightened with this cry of disunion, and so we have yielded to wrong, and sustained it, knowing it to be wrong. Now, if these slave States which threaten so loudly would withdraw, it would immediately limit the amount of Northern dough, and relieve us from any further danger of being frightened into wrong-doing. That would be a great blessing, certainly.

But, however desirable the withdrawal of these threatening States may be, we fear there would be some practical difficulties in the way. Neither the Governors nor the Legislatures of those States, nor the members of Congress from them, are the people of those States. There is but one State in the Union that is at heart disloyal to the Union, and that, having tried disunion once, is not wholly inclined to try it again. The people of the other States are not disunionists, and even Jeff Davis found himself obliged to deny in the Senate his disunion sentiments only a day or two ago. These public men who talk so boldly of disunion are allowed to talk thus for political purposes. They know perfectly well that there is a point beyond which they dare not go, and beyond which the people would not permit them to go. In any way practically to commit the people of a State to disunion would be to these men a political death and burial too profound for resurrection. Disunion can neither be desirable nor practicable to the threatening States without a union of all the present slaveholding sovereignties. This cannot be obtained. Neither Maryland nor Virginia, neither Kentucky nor Missouri would join a Southern Confederacy. Slavery would shrink from the border of such a Confederacy more rapidly than freedom would want the land. It does not require a particularly long vision to see that slavery must leave in a lump, if it leave at all; and if any man supposes that the slave States can agree to retire together, he will pardon us for not estimating his sagacity at a high figure.

So, however desirable it may be to have these troublesome members out of the Republic, and however anxious we may be to have them go, our hopes are not strong that they will go. Still, we believe in giving them a fair chance to fulfill their threats. They are determined that the minority shall rule the country. They are determined that we shall allow them, and help them, to commit a great wrong against our free brothers, men who went out from among us to found a free Commonwealth. They are determined to force human slavery upon a Territory against the declared wishes of its people, and they threaten us with secession from the Union if we do not permit and help them to carry out their schemes. Our voice is to give them a first-rate chance to execute their threats. It will teach both the North and the South a very valuable lesson. It will teach the North that Southern bluster is the greatest humbug ever invented by which to scare fools from their duty, and it will teach the South that their stronghold in Northern cowardice has been swept away. Southern people are not fools. They will threaten so long as the threatening answers their purpose; but when they are fairly whipped out, they become amiable at once, acknowledge their errors, pledge themselves to do the fair thing in the future, and with delightful complacency retain only an impression that they "stubbed their toes, and fell."

AMERICAN POLITICS FROM AN ENGLISH STAND-POINT.

From The London Daily News, Jan. 21.

An old friend of Mr. Buchanan's called on him at Christmas, and was asked by the President what he would do if he were burdened like himself with the Kansas difficulty. Now, this gentleman's opinion is the more likely to have weight because it was not offered. There are wide-spread complaints among the President's supporters of his change of manners since his confidence in his particular method of oiling the waters has been shaken. His self-reliance in preparing his Messages without consultation with anybody; his precipitancy about the Kansas affair, in defiance of warning; his forfeiture of Mr. Douglas's support; and, finally, the "fretfulness" and "obstinacy" which he freely manifests towards the many advisers whom he cannot exclude from the presence chamber, but whose counsel he does not invite, render the very act of asking an opinion important, and the opinion itself a suggestion worth recording. The old friend's reply was, "Change the programme: substitute Cuba for Kansas, and the Ostend Manifesto for the Lecompton Constitution." The old friend is evidently a good courtier; and his sagacity had its immediate reward in the clearing of the troubled brow, the brightening of the eye, and the cheerfulness of tone with which the conversation was finished. The old politician was carried back at once to the time when he achieved the stroke of fortune, and won his way to supreme office by ministering to the Southern passion and the national weakness in favour of territorial extension for the perpetuation of slavery.

The incident is quite as important to other people as to the President. If the struggle for the extension of slavery is given up to a remote national territory, in order to be pursued on foreign soil, among seas which are open to the world, the movement becomes directly important to Europe. It was indirectly important while the trans-Mississippi territories were the battle-field, because either the extension of slave institutions, leading on to a despotic form of government, or a dissolution of the Union must be anticipated as a consequence of the success of the Presidential policy; and the Republic of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and Hamilton could not be dissolved, or transmuted into a despotism, without affecting the moral and material fortunes of every member of the family of nations. But if Mr. Buchanan really decides on the proposed change of programme, our interest in his policy will be more immediate and urgent. No time is to be lost in gathering up the scattered lights struck out by the collision at Washington, in order that observers may see their way clearly when the time comes for European decision and action in regard to the countries threatened by the Ostend Manifesto.

We lately showed what was doing at Washington up to the middle of last month. From Christmas to New Year the political excitement had rather increased than subsided, and all parties seem to have fixed on "the first Monday of December, 1857," as a political era which will be adopted into history—that day which broke up existing alliances, and began the formation of new ones, and showed how precarious were the securities for the fundamental rights of republican election. From that day conferences have been held among the Southern Members of Congress which, according to the testimony of a Federal legislator, would cost some of them their heads, if their counsels had been known at the North. There is no secrecy, however, about the treason of some of them, who go about declaring that the time for civil war has arrived, and advocating the violation of various leading provisions of the Constitution. They have no objection to the interpretation generally put on their conduct—that they desire to provoke resistance, whether from the Kansas settlers or Northern citizens, in order to obtain a pretext for armed coercion on the one hand, and, on the other, for obtaining a temporary majority in Congress, to be used in filling up the treasury office, the army, the judiciary, and every post in the country, with pro-slavery functionaries, for the ultimate purpose of reopening the African slave trade. These are the Southern "fire-eaters," as they like to be called—the representatives who are heaping abuse on Mr. Douglas, as "a traitor and a dupe"; as "politically dead and buried," and an "undying perpetrator of deadly political crime"; as "a violator of the sensitive confidence of the South, and a mocker of the shade of the lamented Brooks," and so forth. These are the men who refuse to Mr. Sumner, on his return to the Senate, after receiving the cordial sympathy of all civilized Europe, the ordinary greetings which pass daily among the national councillors in the Capitol. Only three of the Southern Senators have even bowed to this distinguished member, against whose honour, character, temper and official qualifications, no word was ever uttered from Massachusetts to Washington. These "fire-eaters" have come out a good deal too strong for any President; and Mr. Buchanan's brow might well be clouded when such was the demeanour of an essential portion of his supporters. Before he obtained the advice to change the programme, it was whispered that he would yield the point of the Kansas Constitution—not with any idea of recalling Mr. Douglas, whose defection was too pronounced, but for the sake of a more tenable ground on which to oppose his new rival. His Southern advisers, it is understood, disclaim the policy of the "fire-eaters," and are less anxious to carry the introduction of slavery into Kansas than to bring the Democratic party completely under their yoke, in preparation for a pro-slavery victory in the critical election of 1860. Their policy accordingly is to let down the subject of Kansas as gently as possible, while the Northern Republican party are striving to keep it up. The President's adherents desire that anything may happen in Kansas rather than a popular vote on the pro-slavery side, which would prevent the closing of the topic. It is understood that requests have been transmitted to the supporters of the Lecompton Convention not to vote, and instructions to Mr. Calhoun to lock up the Constitution and evade sending it to Congress, in order not to expose the Administration to the demands of the "fire-eaters" on the one hand, and the remonstrances of the Republicans and Douglas's new party on the other. Considering the general belief that Mr. Buchanan himself revised and sanctioned the Lecompton Constitution, his present position in regard to it is a miserable humiliation. It is natural enough that he should be willing to "change the programme."

If the Ostend Manifesto could leave any uncertainty as to Mr. Buchanan's view of manifest destiny" in territorial matters, all doubt must be cleared up by the turn the filibustering question has now taken. By his conduct in regard to Commodore Paulding will Mr. Buchanan be judged in this essential point, in which the whole civilized world has an interest. This does not mean that Commodore Paulding is to be necessarily supported, or that the question is to be prejudged on any hand. It means that a case has occurred which must test the sincerity of the Administration in regard to seeing justice done, and practically obviating the aggressive acts which they have reprobated in words. We have all seen the President's proclamation against Walker and his crew of buccaneers, and his instructions to the naval officers on the coast to intercept the expedition and bring home the filibusters. They landed in Nicaragua, through the carelessness or connivance of the officers charged to prevent it. They themselves speak of it as a mortifying misadventure; and one of them, Paulding, unhesitatingly resolved, as soon as he came up to the station and saw Walker's letters to the other commanders, to go on shore and arrest him. As acts of rapine and murder had been committed—those acts which the President proclaimed his intention of preventing—the Commodore arrested and disarmed Walker and his comrades, evidently under the impression that he was simply discharging his duty. Walker was sent to New York on his parole; and from thence he went to Washington. Meantime, the discovery was made at headquarters that the Commodore had done precisely Walker's act—of landing armed on a friendly territory. So entirely was the difference in the circumstances ignored—so entirely was the point lost sight of that Walker is charged with rapine and murder committed on the inhabitants of the foreign territory, whereas Paulding had no intercourse whatever with the inhabitants, but landed simply to protect them from piratical countrymen of his own—that Walker was at once dismissed by the federal authorities, with the intimation that there was no charge against him, while Paulding is ordered home to be tried by a court-martial. Nobody desires that the Administration should take upon themselves the decision of any legal points while the courts are present to settle them; but the act of letting Walker go without trial, after his flagrant violation of international law, and perpetration of the very offences denounced in the President's proclamation, before Paulding arrives to substantiate the facts, is an unmistakable indication of Mr. Buchanan's leanings. If Commodore Paulding is punished for his asserted error, while "the Pirate of the Gulf," as Walker's admirers call him, escapes unvisited for his proved crimes, it will be time for the European Governments to watch the prospects of piracy under Mr. Buchanan's changed programme. Meanwhile, we may take warning from the fact that the foremost men in the United States—the foremost for character and intelligence—are under the deepest depression in regard to the prospects of the Republic. They must remember that, in such a crisis as they have reached, matters are always excessively bad before they improve—nothing short of intolerable tyranny sufficing to rouse the redeeming spirit of a nation. Everything now depends on whether this redeeming spirit exists in due force among the people of the free States. If it does, they can rehabilitate their Republic. If it does not, they can only be left to their fate. We need not describe it.

MOB VIOLENCE IN KENTUCKY.

From The American Missionary.

BEREA, Ky., Jan. 19, 1858.

I have to communicate another trying piece of intelligence. Last Saturday, the 16th, Bro. Fee was again mobbed at Lewis Chapel, a place about 23 miles from here, in this county, near the Kentucky river. He had been there once before by the invitation of a number of respectable citizens, and was there with Bro. Jones, the colporteur, to fill his second appointment. He learned, the morning after his arrival, that there were threats of a mob, but requested his friends not to go armed, as some proposed, telling them he would meet the consequences.

While he was preaching, 30 or 40 armed men rode up, and sent one of their number into the house to demand that he should desist. He replied, as he has usually done in such cases, that he was peaceably exercising his constitutional right, and requested the person to be seated until he had finished preaching. The messenger returned to his company, who then rushed in and seized Bro. F. and Brother Jones. They tried to extort from Bro. Fee a promise that he would never return, threatening to duck him in the river till there was no breath left in him. Failing in getting a pledge, they mounted their horses, one of them taking Bro. Jones up behind him, and rode about two miles to the river, and descended into a dark, lonely ravine upon the bank. At the foot they halted and made another effort to induce Bro. Fee not to return. He at length got their attention and commenced talking to them, telling them he could not make a pledge that might conflict with future duty. Said he, "It is not impossible that some of you may want me to come and pray with you, and I should hate to be under a pledge not to do it." He also told them if he did this from fear of their violence, they themselves would not respect him, and reminded them of that great meeting, when they all must be assembled to give an account of "the deeds done in the body." At length one of them said, "They did not come to hear a sermon; they must attend to their business." They then proceeded a little way further to a thicket on the bank of the river. They here ordered Bro. Jones to strip: he pulled off his coat and vest and stopped. They jeered him, and told him to "strip his linen." They removed all his clothing except his shirt. Then, bending him over, they turned that up, and one of the leaders of the gang proceeded to whip him on the naked back, with a sycamore switch or switches—these grow large and heavy. Every blow left its mark. His wounds, as seen afterwards by others, are of no slight character. Bro. Fee expostulated with them, but in vain. When they had satisfied their cruelty upon Bro. Jones, the man who plied the whip, approaching Bro. Fee, told him if he would not promise never to return, he should be treated five times worse. Well, he told them he would meet his suffering then. They compelled him to remove a part of his clothing. He knelt to receive the blows, and then, for some unaccountable reason, they desisted without striking a blow. They then ordered them to start immediately for their houses, and, remounting, they escorted them about five miles to a place called Butler's Factory, and there left them. They came about eight miles, and put up for the night at the house of a friend, where Bro. Fee preached to the family. He says he never felt more in the spirit of preaching, and never spent a happier night than the one which followed. Br. Jones suffered greatly under his cruel whipping.

O. B. WATERS.

FREEDOM IN SLAVE STATES.

From The Missouri Democrat.

Among the signs of the times are expressions recently uttered by Republican Members on the floor of the Senate, which we do not feel at liberty to pass without notice. Mr. Seward has stated that he regards the great battle between Freedom and Slavery as "over," inasmuch as, before one year passes away, the free States will be to the slave as nineteen to fifteen. This has been followed by a remark from Mr. Fessenden expressly disavowing any intention or desire to interfere with slavery in the States where it now exists, and others have asserted the same thing in language equally as broad. It is with deep regret we chronicle the use of such terms by men in whose public conduct we have seen much to admire heretofore, and must deplore the tendency which betrays itself in certain quarters to give so great a cause a purely sectional aspect. If Mr. Seward wishes *only* a preponderance of Northern States in the confederacy, he may well say the battle is over; and if Mr. Fessenden desires to confine the benefits of free white labour to the section it now holds, he may well say that he does not intend to interfere with slavery in the slave States; but all must see that such positions, whether so intended or not, are sectional, selfish and recreant to human progress. Partisans and place-men may be content to wear the honours they have won, but the people will not rest satisfied with the delights of any such Capua. To-day we are struggling here in Missouri, a present slave State, to give all its valleys to cultivation by free white citizens, relieved from slavery competition, and we are told that such effort meets no indorsement at the hands of men who have heretofore held to a broad faith in the progress of free institutions. Very well, let it be so. We shall go forward, nevertheless, and may say with Nelson, when slighted by admiralty despatches, "some day we shall have a *gazette* of our own." We are struggling now and here, not for theoretic preponderance of free States in the Federal Government, not for mere territorial liberties to guarantee free labour expansion, but also to reclaim Missouri from the disadvantages of a slave system that is paralyzing her energies and crippling her advance. And we make bold to say, furthermore, that our sympathy and our service are not confined within the line that separates our State from adjacent States; but that all efforts to confer like benefit upon other commonwealths—to elevate, and encourage, and protect the labour of the free working citizens against the depression of servile toil, will ever meet with our zealous coöperation. In Kentucky, in Tennessee, in Virginia, in Maryland, the same movement in behalf of free soil for the free labour of a free yeomanry is transpiring, and we hail it with emphatic congratulation. We know that it will be said in vindication of the positions assumed by Senators that Congress and the Federal Government have no right to interfere in such work, and that the Republican party has no mission to constrain the expansion of free principles in slave States. This, in part, is true, but it does not fully meet the case. Practically, Congress is determining now the existence or non-existence of slavery in Kansas, under the shadow of a dominant party, of an Administration and of a Supreme Court that do not recognise the power of Congress over the question of slavery in the territories. It is the influence, the patronage, the moral weight, the protection of the Federal Government that affects the subject, even in the absence of direct intervention. It has been so in Kansas; it is so in Missouri. All these are now thrown into the scale against free labour and for slave labour. Moreover, it is the rôle of political organizations, national and otherwise, to formulate distinct policies, to give momentum to great truths, to achieve victories everywhere in behalf of the right. To this end the extinction of slavery in the central grain-growing slave States is one of the first steps in the path of progress—a step that is to be accomplished through the instrumentality of their own swelling populations doing the work, as is now being done in the territories and elsewhere, and sustained in so doing by an embodied public sentiment throughout the nation, call it party or whatever name suits, that will cheer and uphold their self advancement. It is idle for leaders, in their isolation, to ignore such manifest outgrowths. The shoots show forth the vital sap in the trunk. Whether, therefore, present organizations may see fit to accept the appointed mission of cherishing free principles, extending a protecting ægis over free emigration, and vindicating the cause of free labour everywhere, as it moves from clime to clime, is a matter of small consequence; for the masses of the people of the United States will not long want combination expressive of these great ends, whenever the same becomes needful. It is, moreover, thus, and thus only, that a true nationality will take the place of mere sectionalism, for it transfers the strife from a conflict between States to contest for populations. It substitutes physical development, social elevation and house aggrandizement for the issues of prejudice, repression and disunion which now obtain. It subordinates the slavery question to the popular will, and makes appeal to that will a legitimate field of controversy. The Free-Labour movement, as it has taken body, and shape, and form out of the late territorial and incipient State struggles, as it has found its strength in colonization and its development in thickening settlement, as it has gathered in its hand the aspirations of the heroic, the hopes of the economic, the devotions of the fanatical and the calculations of the speculative, as it has manipulated the tide of streaming thousands who pour forth from their hive, and directed it here or there, so it will dominate the future of politics in despite of all opposition. Those who are with it may guide it to beneficent ends, and cheer the heart of patriotism with its miracles and its gospels; those who are not with it will be crushed beneath its momentum, and left upon the shore as bleaching wrecks to mark a foolish anchorage.

Let us hope that the words we have commented upon are hasty expressions which the speakers, seeing the attitude they place themselves in, will be the first to retract or explain. If not, we shall write with deep regret their withdrawal from the coming field of future victory, but no abandonment by parties or politicians shall induce us to trail the banner that has been unfurled in this State until Missouri shall be possessed in fulness and entirety by free white labour.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

From The London Times.

The following is an extract from a letter dated from her Majesty's ship Sappho, Sept. 29, 1857, off Loando:

"Since my last letter to you in August, circumstances have happened of the most stirring kind. Never on this notorious coast has humanity been more outraged, or the energy and compassion of British seamen more called for or shown. We continued cruising, looking in at the different stations, until the 10th, when at daylight we saw a schooner at anchor. We made sail for her; she slipped her cable, and steered along the beach. We followed in the Sappho as near as the depth of water would allow. The wind was light, so the commander took to the boats, and soon came up with her. She proved to be a schooner of fully 150 tons, quite prepapred for the reception of slaves, and had arrived the preceding day on the coast. The captain had landed, probably with the specie for the purchase of his cargo, as only twenty-eight doubloons were found, rolled up in a man's garters, who looked foolish enough when the master-at-arms hauled them off. We took the schooner to Loando to land the slave crew; then, finding her not seaworthy, we made a target of her to exercise our men, and burnt her. This gave us something to talk about until we returned to Loando on the 15th. There we found the Castor, with the Admiral on board, from the Cape. He sailed for Shark's Point, where the ships were collected for court-martial. We left the following day. At nine in the morning on the 18th, in a thick mist with rain, we closed with a schooner. While boarding her the weather cleared, and a large ship was seen close to the land. Directly our boats returned we made all sail in chase, the ship making all sail to avoid us, and the chase became very exciting. The captain said we were gaining, and so they must have thought on board the ship, as he tacked in shore and we after him; then he bore away, running along the edge of the surf, and by help of his large sails was drawing ahead. By this time we were sure he was one of the large American slave ships, and we feared he would escape if he got searoom, so the captain took a boat well manned and armed and pulled to windward to cut him off, when he would be obliged to tack off shore; another boat was sent to leeward, the master, the only officer on board, being left in charge. The ship was not more than a mile and a half distant, close to the surf. Seeing the trap laid for him, and that he could not escape, he ran his ship ashore. We anchored in four fathoms; the master took the whale-boat close to the ship, and was soon joined by the other boats. The ship was rolling in the breakers with all her sails flapping about, and appeared to be full of slaves; the master and crew had abandoned her with their boats, leaving the American colours flying. Then we all beheld a dreadful scene; the slaves forced their way from below, jumped overboard, and soon disappeared in the rollers; it was terrible to see them. Our officers and men, regardless of their own lives, pulled through the surf to leeward of the ship, but her heavy lurching for some time preventing their boarding; when they succeeded, the scene was horrifying, the slaves still forcing their way up from the slave decks with loud yells, running to and fro, and continuing to throw themselves overboard. All attempts to pacify them were useless, force was necessary to drive them below until preparations could be made for their safety. We were told by one of the slaves who could speak Portuguese, that they were told the English would cut all their throats. As soon as the boats could be attended to, the cutter was backed under the stern and a rope thrown her; then three of the slaves were permitted up at a time and lowered into the boat, the whale-boat conveying them through the rollers to the large boat, and so on to the Sappho; this continued till 8 p.m. The surf increased, and it was impossible to save more that night; 180 were rescued. The master was left with a guard on board; it was an anxious and a sleepless night for all, as death was rapidly decreasing the number of the poor negroes, who, starving and naked, died from utter misery—men, women, boys and girls, more than 200 on board the Sappho, and, as they ceased to breathe, we were obliged to throw them overboard. Poor negroes! I hope conscious in their last moments that English seamen came to save them and now made a silent prayer over them. Fortunately we had plenty of rice from the schooner captured, which we fed them with, and placed them as best we could under cover of sails. As food and warmth restored them, in various ways they signified their sense of kindness. There was one poor creature with an infant at her breast, naked, cold, and exhausted, apparently dying; a little wine was given her, then some rice, which she forced from her own to her baby's mouth. A sheet was given to cover her; she wrapped her baby in it and pressed it to her heart with that look of maternal love which God has given to the dark as well as the pale-face race. On board the schooner the master and guard were, with the remaining negroes, in a perilous state; the former passed the night in the forecastle and bowsprit, drenched by the spray of the heavy rollers. At dawn on the 19th the wind and surf had increased; the ship had driven closer to the beach: numbers of armed people were collected; a signal for assistance was made; the captain went with all the boats manned and armed, when the natives on the beach, led on by the white men, apparently the crew of the ship, commenced firing, with the intention of preventing the rescue of any more negroes. This continued an hour before we could clear the beach, some of our shots apparently telling well. On again boarding the wreck she was found breaking up, with her hold full of water. On the tide receding, her hull was nearly dry, and there was no time to spare. The large boats were stationed to keep the beach clear with their guns; the cutter was anchored at the back of the surf, and by watching the rollers they succeeded in throwing her a rope, when the negroes were lowered and hauled through the surf, and conveyed as before to the Sappho, 200 more being rescued; then the wreck was set fire to and our people withdrawn.

"We were in such a state, with 380 negroes crowding our decks; the stench was putrefying, and it was impossible to work the ship. In this state the second day closed upon us. We were forty miles from Shark's Point; the captain resolved to go in his boat and ask for assistance. They pulled all night in heavy rain, and at daylight on the 20th fortunately met the Vesuvius, Commodore Wise, with whom the captain returned. Cammodore Wise took the negroes on board the Vesuvius, to be sent to Sierra Leone in the Alector prize. Having the slaves on board has caused much sickness; it is passing without any fatal case. We are ordered to the Cape, we suppose to cruise in the Mozambique Channel; if so, it is probable our bones will be left there; its effects, after what we have been through for twenty months on this coast, will be finishing.

"I have given you the history of one of the many American ships employed in the slave trade; six, I think, have been taken. We seized the Panchita thirty miles up the coast, and sent her to New York; we do not know whether the American Government will condemn her."

A COMPETENT WITNESS.

We have sometimes illustrated the now nationalized institution of slavery in its relation to the moral sense, by comparing it with the penalties which our laws, in every State, inflict upon every crime save murder, piracy and treason. The utmost severity of punishment known to our laws, short of capital punishment, is privation of liberty for life, with the obligation to labour under coercion and without compensation—in other words, involuntary servitude for life. Where is the moral sense which does not see that such punishment, inflicted on an innocent person, or on a person not duly convicted of crime, is injustice, and that of the most atrocious kind? But that involuntary servitude for life—that life-long privation of liberty, with the obligation to labour under coercion and without compensation other than such as convicts in a penitentiary receive—is the precise definition of slavery. The prohibition of "involuntary servitude, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted," is an all-sufficient prohibition of slavery; for it prohibits the genus under which slavery is the most atrocious species. That evil which is the fit and adequate

tion of a limited interest, it is hard to say what it did contemplate. It expressly prohibits free negroes from owning slaves, but it provides a method by which a free husband may emancipate his slave wife or a free child his slave parent. In the whole slave code we know of no provision better entitled to be called humane, and we regret to see its benevolent provisions quibbled away by a court of justice.

Slaves in Kentucky are personal property. Whether property in them may be passed by parol contract we do not know; but certainly there can be no reason, in cases of disputed or doubtful title, for adhering to the rules of evidence with the tenacity necessary and proper enough in real actions. As a general rule, in most Courts, parol testimony will not be permitted to vary the contents of a written instrument. But nothing of the kind was needed in this case. All that was required was sufficient evidence to explain the real character of the bill of sale to Stephen, and the real intention of the vendor. We think, therefore, that it would have been entirely competent for the Court to have gone behind the bill, and to have inquired into the intention of Joseph Kyler in making the sale of Cynthia to Stephen. No less was it the duty of the Court to exhibit that tenderness for liberty and for woman which is entertained in most tribunals of the common law. Equally was it the right and the duty of the Court to consider the intention of the Legislature in enacting the statute. We confess that the statute is framed in a blundering way, as most statutes are. But any man with half an eye can see what provision was intended. We hope that the next Legislature of Kentucky will put the question past all doubt.

It is a pretty hard case for a poor man to have his horse, his cow, or his hog seized by the constable and sold for debt. The laws of Kentucky interpose to prevent these cruel seizures. But they are impotent, it seems, to prevent the attachment of a freeman's wife, living with him in fancied security, and her sale under the hammer. Should this decision become a settled law, it will be utterly impossible for a free negro in Kentucky to rescue his wife, father, mother or child from slavery. We should think that public opinion, even in Kentucky, would be strong enough to frown down such proceedings as those which we have described. We do not see how a human being, after levying on a man's wife and selling her to satisfy his debt, can look his fellow-creatures in the face. We did mean to express the hope that this case might be carried to the Supreme Court, but we remember the Dred Scott decision, and abstain from any such folly.—*Tribune.*

A DEAD MAN CARRIED OUT.

The telegraph, the other day, made a note of the death of Col. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, one of the largest slave-owners in the United States. It is about time to begin to receive testimonials from the South of his eminent worth as a man, his fidelity as a politician, and his superlative godliness as a Christian. The Southern journals are great in the obituary line; and the demise of a man who owned his chattels by hundreds and thousands must impel them to unusual effort in panegyric. We wait the coming of their tears; and, while waiting, will recall an incident in the life of this now dead Hampton, which our younger readers may have forgotten: Once upon a time—a time not long gone—corn and bacon, all over the slaveholding South, were enormously high. Many of the Christian gentlemen who dwell in that delightful extremity of the Union bethought themselves that a substitute for corn—the usual food of the chattels—might be found in *Cotton seed*, great quantities of which were annually wasted. Among these diatetic reformers was Wade Hampton; and the result of his experiments with that seed as food for blacks, detailed by himself, will remain a monument to his memory when all other recollection of him has passed away. He commenced by mixing a given quantity of corn meal—the proportion of seed at first very low. The darkies did well, and the seed was increased with not very happy effect; but Hampton persevered. His men, women and children, put on regimen that was so horrible and unnatural, remonstrated, as vigorously as they dared, against the cruelty. The whip was plied, remonstrance hushed, and the quantity of seed still further increased. Matters grew worse, and sickness broke out; but Wade Hampton thought that cotton seed was good enough for niggers, and that the niggers should eat it. Just as he had accomplished his purpose, and established his theory, his slaves, whom he had thus tortured, "began to die off like rotten sheep!" No coroner's jury ever decided whether they were starved or poisoned. The murderous experiment was discontinued, *on account of economical considerations;* and Wade Hampton reported results, with as much *nonchalance* as an Illinois farmer would tell of his want of success in any innocent trial that had been undertaken to establish the relative value of different sorts of food for his hogs. Wade Hampton is dead—gone, doubtless, straight to the Slaveholder's Heaven—a sort of Mahommedan Paradise, where there are no blacks other than those required by slaveholding lust, greed and diabolism. We wait the coming of the tearful and sophomorical eulogies over the clay out of which the life has gone. The incident that we recall may or may not be mentioned therein.—*Chicago Tribune.*

[The tears for which the Chicago *Tribune* waited have come in full flood! Read the following "unusual effort in panegyric," from a religious paper:]

From The Southern Christian Advocate.

COL. WADE HAMPTON.

We have received from a correspondent the following excellent tribute to the worth of Col. Wade Hampton, in one of the most responsible relations that a man can hold to his fellow-men:

"While many beautifully appropriate obituary notices of this beloved and honoured gentleman have, since the short period of his demise, appeared in the public prints, yet we deem the full measure of his praise has not been written, until his character *as a master* has been, at least, in some measure, portrayed. And although we can at best, but touch upon this part of his character, can but faintly exhibit the daily excellence of his life in this responsible relation, still, that the high example be not altogether lost, the noble lesson not entirely unread by those to whom personally or by character he was a stranger, we are induced to say what we know, and testify what we have seen in respect to this view of the character of this *model of a southern planter, and noble Carolina gentleman.* And while we affirm, that, however well and nobly he performed all the duties of life, yet, in that most difficult duty, to his servants, he most excelled, we will be borne out, not only by the public and his most immediate associates, but by his attached, and now bereaved and sorrowing servants themselves, who are even now wailing his requiem long and loud, as his beloved remains are borne from their sight forever. A noble pioneer, a munificent patron of our missions to the negroes, by extensive and mighty example, he, in a thousand instances, smoothed the path for the disheartened, toil-worn missionary. A cheerful smile, a hearty welcome, a generous sum, did the preacher to his people always receive from him. No mistake about *his* subscription; others might fail, might give grudgingly, or stintedly, but not so this liberal-hearted man. May the blessings of those ready to perish for the Gospel, supplied through his means or influence, descend upon his children to the latest generation.

"The Congare Mission of the Church South (S. C. Conference), of which he was the pioneer, to which, since its existence, he has given energy and vigour, would be itself his noble monument; but the far South-west's teeming plantations of immortal souls saved through his instrumentality, shall, in the day of eternity, we may trust, be his crown of rejoicing. Col. Hampton, the most experienced, most practical, most successful of planters, taking hold (in the way he did everything he had at heart) of this great religious interest, gave tone, gave authority, to the thing at once, and thus opened new fields of influence of untold extent to the gospel minister. Then, his humane and considerate treatment of his poor dependants, in such beautiful harmony with his care for their immortal interests, held up to the most sordid and obtuse a pattern which often captivated or constrained to imitation. To the hard man, the churl, the purse-proud, though cold, reserved, inaccessible—not so, to the humble slave, the tiller of his field. His ear was ever open to his cry, and oppression's rule he was suffered not to fear or feel. If the Bible view of this patriarchal relation of master to servants, as exhibited by Col. Hampton, was more often given to the world, how differently would, in course of time, be looked upon and commented on, this much maligned institution of our Southern States.

"A brief notice of Col. Hampton's character, as a Christian master, we have thought due the readers of the *Southern Christian Advocate*, to whom his name has been so long known as associated with our domestic mission.

"May his good name, in this connection especially, be as 'ointment poured forth.'

M. M.

"Columbia, S. C., Feb. 13, 1858."

TESTIMONY IN FAVOUR OF THE INDIANS.—Senator Houston, of Texas, in a recent speech upon the Army bill, uttered the following testimony in favour of the Indians:

"I was associated with the Indians, for they were in the army of Jackson in the Creek Nation. After that, in 1817, when still a subaltern in the army, I was appointed an Indian agent by the Government—the first sub-agent that ever was appointed; and for a twelvemonth I was again associated with them in the transaction of business, and renewed the old associations of boyhood. After the duties of my agency were over, occasionally those associations were preserved, and when, in after life, reverses came upon me, and dark clouds fell upon my pathway, I spent in exile four years with the Indians, with various tribes. Tell me I do not understand the Indian! Too well I understand his wrongs. Tell me that, with all the advantages of education, and all the bright associations of the world, and in all the galas of fashion, you are to learn the Indian's character and disposition and the history of his wrongs! No, sir, they are in tradition; they are not in history, and I have learned them. I know them. I know his disposition; I know it well, and better than any officer who is on the frontier of the United States. If I have not the experience which I have cited, this might be considered boasting; but I feel that I only state the truth. I know that their character is as I have stated, for I have not failed to conciliate them wherever I have tried, and now? By even-handed justice. Hold the scales of justice suspended with a steady hand between yourself and the Indian, and you will have no danger from him; it will not be necessary to suspend the sword above his head, like the sword of Damocles. Why, sir, with one twentieth part of the money expended to support the army, or even less, you could feed the Indians on our borders, and clothe them in comfortable garments; and then you would need no army except to take care of your fortresses, and keep your arms in order; for I am sure you never can rely on a regular army unless you make it like the European armies of hundreds of thousands of men."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1858.

SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.—A telegraphic despatch, dated at Boston on Wednesday, brings us the painful intelligence that Mr. Garrison is so unwell as to be unable to fulfil his engagement to attend the Conventions at Albany, Hudson and Poughkeepsie. This is certainly very unfortunate, as his presence was expected to be the chief attraction of the meetings in the two places last named. We sympathize very deeply with our friends in their great disappointment, but the presence of the other speakers whose names are announced cannot fail to make the Conventions interesting and profitable.

THE ALBANY CONVENTION.—We must remind our readers of the Convention to be held in Albany on Monday and Tuesday next. We trust that no one who *can* attend will fail of doing so, as it is certainly desirable that the cause, which rests upon the foundations of absolute justice and truth, should also have, in such a place as Albany, the advantages arising from weight of numbers and general enthusiasm. Mr. Garrison, as will be seen from the announcement in another place, is unable, on account of sickness, to be present; but Mr. Phillips will be there on the first day, and the other speakers, whose names appear in the advertisement, will doubtless attend all the sessions.

CHANGE IN THE EDITORSHIP OF THE STANDARD.

VALEDICTORY.

THE editorial connection of the undersigned with this paper ceases with the present number.

He yields to a natural and, he hopes, not a weak impulse, in coupling this formal announcement with a single, but regretful, word of farewell to all the readers of THE STANDARD, but especially to those who have sustained to him the relation of reader to editor for nearly fourteen years—a period covering more than half the time of the existence of the Anti-Slavery Cause. As he was an Abolitionist, however, before he was an editor, the earlier and closer relationship, he is sure, will not be sundered because the later one is broken. The privileged companionship and friendship of so many years will be, he trusts, uninfluenced by a change which merely personal and private considerations render necessary. S. H. GAY.

It is due alike to Mr. GAY, to the Executive Committee and the readers of THE STANDARD that the following resolutions should appear in this place.—*Editor.*

Adopted by the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, January 14, 1858.

Resolved, That the resignation of Mr. GAY be accepted, to take effect at the time named by him.

Resolved, That in dissolving our official connection with Mr. GAY, we would express the deep sense we entertain of the value of his services as Senior Editor of THE STANDARD for nearly fourteen years, of the fidelity, discretion and talent he has manifested in that difficult position, and of the zeal with which he has devoted himself to the promotion of the anti-slavery cause; and we would cordially assure him of our regret that he feels it to be his duty, from private considerations, to withdraw from the post he has occupied so long and so well, and of our sincerest good wishes for his happiness and his prosperity in the future pursuits of his life.

APPEAL OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The Executive Committee of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY take the opportunity of the editorial change in the conduct of THE STANDARD, now announced, to address their earnest appeal to each and every of their associate members of the Society, and to all the friends of an uncompromising anti-slavery journal.

Hitherto THE STANDARD has not had a self-supporting subscription-basis. It has, doubtless, deserved it too well to obtain it in the past. But the change for the better, which our anti-slavery action has effected upon the public mind, warrants our expecting and calling for such a basis in future. To accomplish this, we ask the steady, unanimous cooperation of every friend of THE STANDARD, and of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The excellence of THE STANDARD as a journal, whether in regard to its literary taste, its editorial ability or its typographical accuracy and neatness, is unhesitatingly offered for comparison in these particulars with any other American journal; while in respect to its anti-slavery fidelity, fearlessness and discernment, it is enough to say that it is the organ of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, the only associated body in the land which takes the high and impregnable ground of the utter SINFULNESS OF SLAVERY, of the DUTY OF IMMEDIATE EMANCIPATION of every slave on our soil, and of the cor-relative DUTY OF EVERY MAN TO CEASE FROM ALL GOVERNMENTAL, POLITICAL OR ECCLESIASTICAL UNION WITH THE AMERICAN SLAVEHOLDER AND SLAVE-TRADER.

On these grounds, and for the cause's sake, we solicit of every friend of the American Slave an immediate and a persevering attention to the work of securing to THE STANDARD a large and self-supporting subscription-list, thus leaving the funds obtained by donation to the Society's treasury to be applied to other agencies.

We can confidently assure all friends of our cause, that we believe there will be no diminution in the interest or value of THE STANDARD, in consequence of the changes which have necessarily been made. We shall indeed lose the services of a thoroughly able, conscientious, faithful and judicious editor, by the retirement of Mr. Gay. But arrangements have been made for securing editorial labour and oversight, of the most thorough and effective kind, and THE STANDARD will, under the continued editorial supervision of our tried coadjutor, OLIVER JOHNSON, undoubtedly maintain, and add to, its acknowledged excellence.

With this fixed purpose, on the part both of Committee and Editors, we call with earnestness upon *all* our associates and friends to give THE STANDARD a large circulation throughout the Non-Slaveholding States, and, as far possible, through the Slaveholding States also. There are no journals in existence—not even the best of the *Tribunes, Evening Posts,* and *Independents*—which can be trusted to do, or which even propose to do, the thorough, vigorous and uncompromising work which THE STANDARD will do. There is no journal which supersedes or renders THE STANDARD unnecessary. No tampering with this great Sin, no daubing with untempered mortar, no filming-over the ulcerous spot, no consent to a temporizing policy or to half-way measures shall ever disgrace it.

FRIENDS OF THE AMERICAN SLAVE! FRIENDS OF HUMANITY! FRIENDS OF YOUR COUNTRY, in deed and in truth! Will you not at once, and from every quarter, the nearest and the most remote from our centre of publication, respond to this call? Send to our office, 138 Nassau street, New York, the name of every new subscriber whom you can obtain. Send thither intelligence of the cause in your neighbourhoods. Send your words of cheer and counsel. And by your united strength, give to our STANDARD a more conspicuous position in the land, and a new power for the Deliverance of the Enslaved.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
FRANCIS JACKSON,
EDMUND QUINCY,
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
WENDELL PHILLIPS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
CHARLES F. HOVEY,
SAMUEL MAY, JR.,
WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH,
CHARLES K. WHIPPLE,
Executive Committee.

CONVENTION IN WASHINGTON COUNTY.—Aaron M. Powell, writing from Albany under date of March 1st, says:

"I have just reached here, in return from a deeply interesting Convention, held in the Friends' meeting-house, at South Easton, Washington County. The Convention commenced on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 27th, and continued yesterday (Sunday) afternoon and evening. The attendance was large, and all the sessions were characterized by an earnestness of spirit, a lively interest such as I have seldom witnessed. A collection, amounting to upwards of $30, was taken, and six new subscribers for THE STANDARD were obtained. We are all much gratified, as are also the friends residing in Easton, with the success of the meetings."

The official proceedings of this Convention will probably appear in our next issue.

COLOURED VOCALISTS.—*The Liberator* commends to the public regard a troupe of coloured persons in Boston, who have recently associated themselves for the purpose of giving musical entertainments. Their names are Elijah W. Smith, James Henry, James Titus, Benjamin Roberts and Amanda Scott. Competent judges say that their voices are good, and that by perseverance in their efforts to attain the highest excellence in the musical art they cannot fail to command the public patronage.

POSITION OF CHARLES SUMNER IN RELATION TO THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

IN a leading article in THE STANDARD of Feb. 20th, we incidentally spoke of "that miserable, fatal error which defaced his [Charles Sumner's] great speech, the proposal, IN GOOD FAITH, TO RESTORE THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE."

A friend of Mr. Sumner suggests to us that we may have confounded his position with that of others, or perhaps *imagined*, instead of accurately recollecting it.

We always rejoice to have supposed errors, in our statements respecting matters of fact, promptly pointed out to us, that we may either verify or retract them. In this case, our general recollection of the pain we felt in finding exceptional passages, and exceptionable ideas, in that tremendous *last* speech of Mr. Sumner, which, like Ithuriel's spear, exposed the Slave Power in its native deformity of shape and attitude, language and manner, and, by its sequel, practically showed the Northern States in what relation they must thenceforth stand to the Southern, while politically in *Union* with them, is confirmed by reference to Mr. Sumner's printed speeches.

On page 61 of the edition of this speech published by John P. Jewett & Co., Boston, 1856, and on p. 657 of Higgins & Bradley's edition of Charles Sumner's "Recent Speeches and Addresses," will be found the following paragraph.

"The Remedy should be coextensive with the original Wrong; and since, by the passage of the Nebraska bill, not only Kansas, but also Nebraska, Minnesota, Washington, and even Oregon, have been opened to slavery, the original prohibition should be restored to its complete activity throughout these various Territories. By such a happy *restoration*, MADE IN GOOD FAITH, the whole country would be replaced *in the condition which it enjoyed before the introduction of that dishonest measure.* Here is the Alpha and the Omega of our aim in this immediate controversy."

Before commenting upon this passage, to the full meaning of which we must hold Mr. Sumner committed, until he publicly disavows it, we deem it proper to say that the passage, as originally published, was still more objectionable, being without the qualifying word "immediate." The "unabridged" report of this speech (which covered two-and-a-half newspaper pages, and was circulated by millions all over the country before the appearance of the editions referred to above, and from which probably three-quarters of all the readers of the speech in this country have derived their sole knowledge of its contents) closed the above paragraph as follows: "Here is the Alpha and the Omega of our aim in this controversy."

"The original prohibition," which, in the paragraph above quoted, Mr. Sumner desires "should be restored to *its complete activity*," is the Missouri Compromise. Hear what he says of it in a former part of the same speech, pp. 15, 16, or 602–3.

"The discussion ended with the admission of Missouri as a slaveholding State, and the prohibition of slavery in all the remaining territory west of the Mississippi, and north of 36 deg. 30 min., leaving the condition of other territory, south of this line, or subsequently acquired, *untouched* by the arrangement. Here was a solemn act of legislation, called at the time a *compromise*, a covenant, a compact; * * * and this compromise was made the *condition* of the admission of Missouri, without which that State could not have been received into the Union. * * * The South said to the North, Conquer your prejudices so far as to admit Missouri as a slave State, and, *in consideration* of this much coveted boon, slavery shall be prohibited forever in all the remaining Louisiana Territory above 36 deg. 30 min.; and *the North yielded.*"

Elsewhere (p. 19, or 608) Mr. Sumner calls this "the greatest compromise of our legislative history," and elsewhere (p. 16, or 604) he says—"After an *acquiescence* of thirty-three years, and the irreclaimable possession by the South of *its special share* under this compromise, * * * this time-honoured prohibition, in itself a Landmark of Freedom, was overturned."

A compromise is the meeting of two adverse parties upon middle ground, each conceding something to the other, and, *by the concession*, each gaining something from the other. Let us see what was gained, and what was given up, by each of the two adverse parties who formed the "Missouri Compromise."

The South gained such unmolested establishment and continuance of slavery in Missouri as had previously existed in other slave States. It gained for the privileged class in Missouri just such power of oppression, over those poor and ignorant men who happen also to be black, as is held and exercised (under the Federal Constitution and the local laws and customs) by the privileged class in Kentucky and Tennessee; namely, the power to buy and sell them, to make them work without wages, to breed mulatto children from their wives and daughters, to deprive them of their vote in the election of national officers, to enlarge their own vote by three-fifths of the power thus oppressively taken away, to chase and seize such of them as should run away, over the whole extent of (what are called) the *Free* States, and to receive from those same *Free* States whatever military aid should be needed to break down resistance to this oppression. This is what the South gained, is it not?

For the purpose of gaining this, the South gave up the regions north of 36 deg. 30 min., to remain permanently as nearly free as the rest of the North.

The North gave up (did she not?) *precisely what the South gained,* and gained precisely what the South gave up (as long as the South kept her word).

Thus the North gained (until the South broke her word) the same sort and amount of freedom in Kansas and Nebraska that is enjoyed in New York and Ohio.

For the purpose of gaining this, the North gave up—what? Obviously, just what, as we have said, the South gained. The North conceded that the privileged class in Missouri might, without molestation or obstruction from her, practise upon the poor blacks in that State all the oppressions above rehearsed, steal and use, unquestioned, three-fifths of their political power, chase and seize fugitives from among them all over the *free* States (so called) and receive from the same *free* States soldiers to crush any combination of these injured people to regain their liberty.

Now, this speech charges the South with dishonesty, with treacherous infraction of "a compromise, a covenant, a compact," which had been faithfully kept by the North. An essential part of Mr. Sumner's case is the "acquiescence of thirty-three years," on the part of the North, in the state of things conceded by her in the original compromise, which we have shown to be the indefinite, unmolested continuance of the Slave Power in Missouri, just as in Kentucky and Tennessee.

We are now prepared to look again at the paragraph first quoted from Mr. Sumner's speech, to see if it does not absolutely and imperatively *require* the interpretation which we have considered the natural and obvious one.

"The Remedy should be coextensive with the original Wrong; and since, by the passage of the Nebraska bill, not only Kansas, but also Nebraska, Minnesota, Washington, and even Oregon, have been opened to slavery, the original prohibition should be restored to its complete activity *throughout these various Territories.*" This is the white side of the shield, and here Mr. Sumner stands on safe and excellent ground. If we can establish the prohibition in all the region north of 36 deg. 30 min. without paying any unmanly and disgraceful price for it, well. But the prohibition is only one-half of the original transaction. What is to become of the pro-slavery *concession,* on the part of the North, in consideration of which, and *only* in consideration of which, the prohibition was granted by the South? Mr. Sumner's next sentence tells us. "By such a happy restoration, MADE IN GOOD FAITH"—good faith on the part of whom? of one side, or both sides? Good faith from the slaveholders to the Northern people, and not also from the Northern people to the slaveholders? The continuation of the sentence tells us. "By such a happy restoration, made in good faith, the whole country would be *replaced in the condition which it enjoyed before the introduction of that dishonest measure*"! And what was this condition but the agreement, between North and South, and of the former just as much as the latter, that slavery should have an indefinite continuance in Missouri and all the Southern States without molestation or obstruction on the part of the North? Nay, more! It gave a *bonus* to slavery, increasing the political power of the slaveholder in direct proportion to the extent and enormity of his violation of the principles laid down in the Declaration of Independence. And so bestotted has the North become, through the long continuance of these "evil communications," through the corrupting effect of constant propinquity and daily intercommunication with sin, through the ambition which has led her public men to grasp at Federal Office, notwithstanding the pitch that defiles it, and, above all, through the corruption of her clergy, who have welcomed the slaveholder to their communion-table, and volunteered perversions of Scripture and reason, morality and religion, in his defence—that she boasts of having *kept* her part of this infamous bargain, as if it were a righteous one; as if anybody ever had a right to make it; as if, being made, anybody ever had a right to keep it; as if a covenant to do a base and wicked thing ever *could* have any binding force!

We have said that the North has yielded to these debasing influences. But this is not the worst. Those who seemed the *flower* and *glory* of the North, men like Charles Sumner, of high, noble and varied culture, trained to manly and independent thought, educated without admixture of the grosser superstitions taught by the clergy of the popular religion (and thus unshaken by their impious claim that *God* sanctions slaveholding), and with ideas enlarged by foreign travel, and intimacy with the best and noblest minds of Europe, even these have so far succumbed to this American *malaria* as to offer in self-justification, as Mr. Sumner has done above, the claim of faithful adherence to a wicked bargain! of a thoroughly fulfilled alliance with the slaveholder against the slave!

We have repeatedly been censured, heretofore, for *sparing* Mr. Sumner; for failing to use, towards him, the energetic terms of condemnation which we have justly applied to his colleague in the national Senate from Massachusetts, and to the other leaders of the Republican party. To these censures we have always replied that, knowing the nobleness and purity of his character in other relations, and having seen in him no evidence of selfish ambition, and far less expressed concession to the Slave Power than most of the leading Republicans have displayed, we believe him more honest than they, and more single in purpose towards the welfare of the slave. We still hold this belief; but, unfortunately, Mr. Sumner's public life has not given us the opportunity of proving it to others. We have not the facts needful to enforce this private opinion of ours upon our unbelieving friends. On the other hand, *they* point, in confirmation of their theory that the Republican leaders are alike unworthy to be trusted, and alike indifferent to the redemption of the slave, not only to passages like those above quoted, and others of like purport in Mr. Sumner's speeches, but to the facts following; namely, that he has been the candidate, and is the Senator, of a party which has always offensively paraded before the public its allegiance to slavery wherever that villanous "institution" has succeeded in *establishing* itself, and in getting custom and legislation, the court-house and the pulpit, on its side; that he gained his Senatorship by joining that party, advocating its ideas, and aiding its tortuous policy; and that he has never disavowed, or even publicly expressed his dissent from, grossly pro-slavery expressions which have been often used by the most prominent representatives of the Republican party, and which form an essential part of the evidence by which the character, spirit and purpose of that party must be judged.

We are so well assured of the sincerity of Mr. Sumner that we make no doubt he has some way of stating his position in reference to the slaves of the Southern States which makes it seem plausible and satisfactory to himself. But it can neither be satisfactory to the slaves, nor to us, since he comes, substantially, to the very conclusion long since stated by Henry Ward Beecher, and never yet disavowed by him—that he would abandon and discountenance all *agitation,* and allow to slavery and the slave trade *undisturbed and indefinite continuance* within their present limits, if they, on their part, would restrict themselves to those limits. *Our* idea of anti-slavery regards the wrongs, and proposes the release, of the actual slave in Kentucky quite as much as of the prospective slave in Kansas; and we believe neither in the rightfulness nor the expediency of a deliberate consent to the enforced degradation of any man or any woman, however specious the pretence of benefit to be gained for us or our party by that concession.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH.

[For The Standard.]

On one occasion, when calling upon my friend, Mrs. D., I discovered that she had been weeping, and was sorry to find her nervous and restless in manner. I did not inquire the cause, but felt anxious and unhappy; *why,* I could not tell.

I attempted to draw her into conversation, but she was so listless and little interested that I met with no success. I introduced subject after subject, but could elicit nothing beyond a vacant yes or no. Observing that Lydia (a coloured girl) was nursing the baby, I asked,

"Where is Lucy" (the regular nurse)?

Mrs. D. hesitated. She moved uneasily in the chair, coughed, rose, and finally, sinking back into her seat, burst into tears, exclaiming, "Oh! Lucy is sold, and, to save my soul, I can't be reconciled to it."

"Lucy sold!" I cried. "Why, I'd as soon thought of your selling one of the children. How can you do without her?"

"Oh, I don't know. She was such a good, affectionate nurse, and my children loved her so much! Besides, the separation between her and her sister was very affecting; it almost broke my heart. I rushed up stairs, locked my door, and tried to shut out the sound of their cries."

"But why did you sell her?"

"Oh, it is dreadful to think of!" And, getting up, she examined the closets, looked out into the adjacent hall, and, thus assuring herself that there was no one listening, came closely up to me, and hissed into my ear,

"I discovered that she was going to poison me."

"What?"

"Yes, only think of it. She put arsenic in a glass of water. Luckily, before drinking, I chanced to look at the glass and discovered a peculiarity in the water. I then took the pitcher from her, and called to my husband, who, not liking the appearance of the water, at once suspected something wrong. He demanded of Lucy, in a tone of authority, to acknowledge what she had done. Frightened and thrown off her guard, she half confessed her guilt. We sent the water to Dr. H——, the chemist, who, after analyzing it, said there were twenty grains of arsenic dissolved in a quart pitcher of water. Only think of the escape! In a conversation with her sister, Lucy acknowledged that her intention was to kill me; but she wished to spare the children, for whom, you know, she has a great affection."

"What prompted her to this extraordinary and violent action?"

"Why, she had stolen one of my fine lace handkerchiefs, and I threatened to have her severely whipped. She told Lydia that she had resolved never to take another blow, and this was her revenge. How ungrateful! for I have been kind to her. I thought her a good servant, and my children were so fond of her." She added, with a perceptible tremour of the lip, "The poor little things were frantic with grief when she went away. They clung to her, kissed her and begged to be allowed to go with her; indeed they refused to eat anything the day she left, put away their toys and would not play. In fact, our little Fanny declared that she would never speak to her father again. These things are very distressing. I sometimes wish there were no such persons as negroes; they are the cause of all our trouble."

"Had you not better wish there was no such thing as slavery, dear Mrs. D.?"

"I wish it had never existed."

"So do I. But, now that it *does* exist, had we not better try to abolish it?"

Immediately she bristled up, full of horror at such a proposal.

"No, indeed! How seditiously you talk! I would not, for the world, have Mr. D. hear you say such a thing. Why, the institution of slavery is the bone and sinew of our country—its great ligament. I would not rear my children in a free State. Our society is more conservative than that of the North. Women are much more respected here than there. The very thought of living in a free State is horrible."

"Are women," I asked, "properly respected in a society where they are whipped, forced to do the most burdensome work, and oftentimes actually sold away from husband and family?"

"Oh, nonsense; *you* are speaking of slaves, of negro women. *I* alude to ladies, to white women. When we were visiting a friend in Ohio, last summer, my husband told me it was disagreeable to him, for he could not bear to be served by white girls; he would not even ask one of them to hand him a glass of water, but preferred performing all such little duties himself rather than have a *woman* wait upon him. Such is his gallant respect for our sex. Indeed, it was annoying to me to see him do so many little things, which, at home, he never thinks of performing, but allows the servants to do."

"I take that as a fine commentary upon the superiority of free institutions, and your husband's conduct as a practical vote in their favour, for it drew out his slumbering energies and compelled him to wait upon himself rather than tax with useless service a timid domestic. But how does it happen, Mrs. D., that regard for *the sex* has never restrained your husband's arm when the whip was uplifted over a trembling negro woman; or why did it not prevent him from selling Hetty last year, or lead him to show *some* pity to Lucy?"

"Oh, nonsense; they are our slaves—our property—and he had a right to use them as he pleased. Who ever thought of remembering sex in the case of slaves, who are no more than cattle?"

"True, indeed; I had forgotten that womanhood claims no respect, no delicacy, no regard, no tenderness, unless it comes to us with a white face and fair, smooth locks. *I* cannot admire such gallantry. Let me rather live where liberty—*human* liberty—is respected as a sacred principle, without regard to race, sex or colour."

"No more of this silly talk, or Mr. D. will not tolerate a continuance of our friendship."

"Held, is it, my dear, by the slight tenure of Mr. D.'s good will? See you not that you yourself are but a petted slave in *his* establishment? Chains are the same, whether wrought of gold or iron; either would oppress me."

She looked aghast, and, shortly after, I withdrew, thinking that women should have a double motive for fighting against slavery.

THE VERMONT CONVENTION—A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

In your paper of 27th February, there is an account of the Vermont Convention, from our mutual friend, N. R. Johnston, containing a mistake which should be corrected. The writer says:

"The discussion of Resolution No 8 being resumed, Brown and Remond again made powerful speeches," &c. After noticing the speeches of Mr. Sloane, Gov. Fletcher, and Mr. Pillsbury, the writer adds:

"At the close of his (Mr. Pillsbury's) speech, a motion to lay Wm. Goodell's motion on the table was carried by an almost unanimous vote; the Convention thus *virtually,* though not formally, passing the Disunion resolution" (that is resolution No. 8).

Now, this is a mistake, as will appear from Mr. Pillsbury's account, copied from *The Liberator* into the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD of Feb. 20, in which, after an account of the discussion of *the 8th* or Disunion Resolution, Mr. P. says:

"Finally, after a very lengthy and deeply interesting discussion, I moved to lay *the resolution* on the table. We did not care to adopt it, *even if we had* been sure of a large majority," &c.

The words I have italicised show N. R. Johnston's mistake. It was *the resolution,* No. 8, that Mr. Pillsbury moved to lay on the table, not my *three* resolutions, offered as a substitute. Mr. P.'s reason for making the motion shows that it was the Disunion resolution and not my substitute (affirming the constitutional power of the Federal Government to abolish slavery) that Mr. Pillsbury moved to lay on the table. It was *that,* for which, as he intimates, they were not sure of a large majority, &c.

Mr. Pillsbury's account is the correct one. I will add that, happening to stand near him, I suggested to him a modification, making it include my substitute, as well as the original resolution, desiring to have the whole matter disposed of, in an orderly manner. This he accepted, and the presiding officer distinctly stated, in putting the question, that the motion was to lay resolution No. 8, together with the substitute offered by Mr. Goodell, on the table. The vote was, I think, unanimously carried. Certainly it had the vote of myself and of those who hold with me. We could not have understood ourselves as *virtually* voting to adopt the Disunion resolution we had been opposing! Neither could Gov. Fletcher and a probable majority of the Convention have done so, not being prepared to adopt either the Disunion resolution or mine. And here, again, I am, I think, sustained by Mr. Pillsbury, who truthfully says—"The motion was received with general satisfaction." The three-fold elements of the Convention he had previously indicated by the term "triangular." Mr. Johnston has no more ground for claiming that the Disunion resolution was *virtually* carried in the Convention than I should have had for claiming that my resolutions were.

In further proof of this and of my statements, I cite the official minutes of the Convention, signed by its President and Secretaries, and published in the *Green Mountain Freeman* of Feb. 11.

"Evening." . . . "The discussion *of the 8th resolution* was resumed." . . . "Pillsbury said, the object, that of free discussion, for which the resolution was introduced, having been attained, therefore he moved that *it* be laid on the table. The motion, *together with* a motion to table the substitute, was adopted."

Here, again, the words I have italicised tell the story. All the variation is that the minutes speak of two motions, instead of the original motion as modified to cover the whole ground. These authentications I trust you will cheerfully publish. Mr. Johnston and his friends will bear me witness that I joined with them in advocating the free discussion. I agree with him, likewise, that it was a glorious Convention. I should like to attend many such.

Yours truly, WILLIAM GOODELL.

48 Beekman street, Feb. 28.

THE MORMONS.—The United States District Court (sitting at Camp Scott) has indicted Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and eighteen others for high treason. The object of this is, probably, to furnish a legal pretext for their arrest and confinement. The officers will find these desperadoes hard to catch, surrounded as they are by hosts of fanatical followers and having access to places of concealment known only to themselves. William Stowell, one of the indicted parties, having somehow fallen into the hands of the United States officials, was brought into Court on the 4th of January, when he pleaded not guilty. His trial was, at his request, postponed till the next term, to give him time to prepare for his defence.

The Territorial Legislature—a Mormon body—assembled at Salt Lake City Jan. 15th. Brigham Young, though removed from the office of Governor by President Buchanan, sent in a message to the Legislature, avowing his purpose to continue to discharge the duties of the Executive and to resist the United States authorities. The Legislature adopted resolutions unanimously sustaining him in this course of rebellion. The resolutions appear in the Mormon organ, authenticated by the individual signatures of the members. It is plain that there must be a bloody war as soon as the opening spring enables the United States forces to move. It is believed, however, by many, that the Mormons, as soon as they find that the army is surely advancing upon them, will run instead of fighting. The St. Louis *Leader* learns from Father Desmet, a Catholic missionary, who has spent many years among the Indian tribes, that on either slope of the Rocky Mountains there is a perfectly practicable and easy route north from Salt Lake to the British possessions. Father D. has travelled the route several times with light wagons. He gives it as his conviction that if the Mormons leave their present location, they will proceed northward to New Caledonia, British America, and settle at the base of the Portage Mountains, near the 49th parallel. The route is described in detail. The country and climate is stated to be eminently superior in every respect to that of Utah. The *Leader* calls the special attention of the War Department and the public to its articles.

KANSAS DOCUMENTS.—The speech of Hon. Frederick P. Stanton, late United States Secretary for the Territory of Kansas, at the anti-Lecompton Democratic meeting at the Chinese Assembly Rooms; the letter of Hon. George Bancroft, on Kansas affairs; the Report to the United States Senate of Mr. Green of Missouri, in behalf of the majority of the Committee on Territories, in favour of the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution; the minority Report of Messrs. Collamer and Wade, protesting against such admission; the minority Report of Senator Douglas; the letter of Regent Calhoun, trying to exculpate himself from charges of fraud in relation to the returns of the recent election in Kansas; and several other papers throwing light upon the Kansas question, have been issued for general circulation in an Extra of *The Semi-Weekly Tribune.*

ERRATA.—In "A Ride Through The Pines," on the fourth page of last week's STANDARD, in the third stanza, second line, for "winding" read "sounding."

Fourth and ninth stanzas, first line, for "wood" read "road."

Ninth stanza, third line, for "mild" read "wild."

POLITICS.

A large majority of the Democrats and Democratic presses in California support Douglas in his opposition to the Administration.

The anti-Lecompton Democracy of Ohio have called a State Convention to be held at Columbus on the 10th inst. The Ohio *Statesman* says that Wise, Walker, Harney, Forney, Stanton, Bancroft, perhaps Douglas, will be there to address the people.

Several leading Democrats of New Hampshire, who have adhered to the party in every previous crisis, have now abandoned it on account of the Lecompton swindle. Among the seceders are ex-Attorney-General Sullivan, and Judges Sargeant and French—all able men.

The Committee appointed by the Territorial Legislature of Kansas to investigate the frauds perpetrated in the late election under Regent Calhoun have obtained unmistakable evidence that the Governor of Missouri was

PENALTY FOR PREACHING THE GOSPEL IN KENTUCKY.—We have copied on the first page a letter from a gentleman in Kentucky, giving an account of the punishment inflicted by the chivalry of that State upon a Christian missionary for preaching an unexpurgated gospel. Kentucky abounds in evangelical Churches and ministers, in full fellowship with Churches and ministers of the same stamp at the North, and yet they will bear no testimony against this outrage; and the orthodox religious papers at the North, with few exceptions, treat it with utter indifference. The *New York Observer* employs special correspondents in Europe to keep its readers informed of the efforts of Catholic priests to prevent the spread of Evangelical Protestantism—efforts no whit more outrageous than those put forth by the Presbyterians of Kentucky to silence such missionaries as Mr. Fee and his associates—and yet we venture to predict that it will take good care not to give offence to its slaveholding subscribers by any protest against the outrage here referred to. The piety which shields such villany, or neglects to testify against it, is not of heavenly but of diabolical origin.

OUR CINCINNATI CORRESPONDENT (for whose voluntary contributions we are duly grateful) misapprehends, we think, the ground of controversy between the Abolitionists and the "great voluntary benevolent institutions of the country." The Abolitionists regard those institutions as the agencies and exponents of the Churches, whose members, consequently, are responsible for all that they do, or leave undone; and it is upon the latter, principally, that their censures fall. The apology which our correspondent offers for the managers of the Societies referred to is itself a most terrible condemnation of them, since it implies that, in spite of their solemn profession that they are governed, in the discharge of their duties, by the revealed will of God, they are controlled by the opinions and wishes of those by whom they are elected! Whenever these managers themselves shall *naively* confess that such is their rule of action, and cease to mock us with professions of supreme regard to the will of Heaven, we shall be ready to consider the value of such an apology for their unrighteous course. Until then we think our correspondent should beware lest he fall into the condemnation of those who "daub with untempered mortar."

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent on Words—He proposeth a change of Name—And why—He speaketh evil of Dignities—He indulgeth in reminiscences—And magnifieth the THE STANDARD and its works—He is historical and recounteth the Victory over Ela—And its consequences—Advantages of Delay—The Law of Riot—Beauties of Swearing—Verdict—Appeal to Legislature, &c., &c.

BOSTON, March 1, 1858.

Do you know that I think we shall have to change the name of our Organ? We have been so long accustomed to it—now almost eighteen years of life—that we do not consider how the meaning of language has changed within that lapse of time. "Accommodated" was a good word once, Shakspeare tells us, but had lost its character, through getting into low company, and it was naught in his time. Happily, it has reformed and become an honest word again, as well thought-of as any in the language, and Bardolph would have no occasion to offer to maintain its virtues with his sword, like the bully of a bagnio. It has no need of any such championing, as nobody has aught to say against it. So, should the word "NATIONAL" ever emerge from the ignominy into which it has sunk by means of the vile hands into which it has fallen and the base uses to which it has been put, it might regain its *status* as the pioneer word of our Imprint. But as it now stands for whatever is meanest, dirtiest, most sneaking, cowardly and servile in nature, I rather think it must be cashiered from our service. You know former good character is not admitted in evidence to counteract positive testimony; so that I hardly think we could allow that to excuse its present notorious infamy. I am not prepared at this moment to propose any substitute. "*Sectional*" would answer very well, as it is used to express the opposite of the villanies, rascalities and lies which are now only intended by the word "National." But I am open to suggestions on this important point.

It does not seem as if it can be eighteen years since we came together in Thomas Van Rensselaer's cellar (I think it was) to plot the concoction of a new Organ in the place of *The Emancipator*, which had been—let us see—"*conveyed*, the wise it call," away from us. I am not quite sure that it is strictly good rhetoric to "*concoct* an ORGAN"—but let it pass, for an intelligible metaphor if a trifle mixed, as I hate to alter what I have written, regarding Pilate as good authority in a case of this kind. Do you remember how few we were and how poor we felt? And the discussions as to the name of the paper, how much it was to express and to imply, and yet so as to limit its expression strictly within the bounds of the common Idea? And how we at last hit on the one which it has borne honourably, through good report and evil report (principally the last), unto this day? The good ship has behaved well in all sorts of dirty weather, and in spite of all manner of attempts to sink her, especially in the earlier days of her voyage, and still leads the whole navy that has been built since gallantly into the fight against the piratical enemy. And her timbers are still stout as heart of oak can make them. And I am not ashamed to compare the matter of THE STANDARD, to drop from metaphor down to fact again, in point of literary execution, with any paper of any name during the same time. Mr. N. P. Rogers, the first editor, then in his better days, wrote some of his best things for it during his year of nominal editorship. Afterwards, first Mrs. Child, all of whose Letters from New York appeared in its columns, and then Mr. Child, a writer of great vigour, followed. Then came Mr. Gay, whose fourteen years of able and faithful service, closing, to the regret of all concerned, this very day of writing, makes it not improper to praise the high excellence of his editorial writings. I shall not do violence to the modesty of the Powers that Be, by saying what I think of the merit of their lucubrations; but it is not because much may not be said. Besides those I have named, Mrs. Chapman and Mr. Phillips used to be frequent contributors, and I hope will become so again. A full volume of poetry and of prose essays, inferior to nothing he ever wrote, was contributed, during two years, by James Russell Lowell. Thomas T. Stone and George F. Talbot and Charles K. Whipple, three of the ablest writers in the country, have been liberal co-workers. These I happen to remember, and the hosts which I have forgotten at this moment will excuse my passing them by. And as to the Correspondents, foreign and domestic, language would break down under me should I attempt to do them justice. The readers and posterity only are equal to *that*.

All this about our noble selves, however, is entirely parenthetical and aside from what I was going to say about the atrociously abused and maltreated adjective which qualifies the noun-substantive of your title. We have had lately a fresh illustration of the abandoned and shameless courses it has taken to, in the matter of young Ela, who was set upon, cut down and nearly done to death by the Sims Brigade, on the day of their glorious victory over Burns. You recollect well enough how this formidable apothecary's apprentice struck terror into the command of the gallant Captain Evans by a bottle which he held in his hand. That officer, at the head of those brave men, instead of turning tail and running away, as the first instinct of nature undoubtedly prompted them to do, charged the enemy in the most heroic style, and, after a terrific struggle, succeeded in cutting him down and leaving him for dead on the field of battle. He was then taken charge of by Dr. Smith's police, who shut him up in a black-hole somewhere for the night, and finally discharged him, crippled in body and weakened in mind, so as to be no longer able to support himself and his mother, as he had been used to do. Under this state of things, it was thought by the young man's friends that they would see whether any compensation could be extorted from any or all of the disorderly persons who made the streets impassable that day. So, by their advice, he brought actions for damages against the Mayor, Major-General, Captain Evans and Marshal Freeman. He was ready for trial three years ago and the turn of the action came and the hearing began. But before it had been gone into very far, the Judge, Pliny Merrick, a National Democrat of the intensest kind, stopped the trial, on the ground that he must have the opinion of the Full Court upon the law of the case, before letting it proceed. The counsel for Ela in vain urged the importance of going to the Jury at that time on the facts, as he never could be so well prepared again as at that time. The questions of law, of course, could go up to the Full Bench for settlement after the jury had passed on the facts. But it was to no purpose. The trial was stopped and the case went over until the Court could find out what the law was.

The effect of this decision, whatever its intention may have been, was precisely what the defendants wanted. Delay was their policy, and here was a delay for a year certainly, and, as it has turned out, for three. No one could see the lad at that time and not see that it was more than an even chance that he would die within the year. His life, most clearly, was worth nothing like three years' purchase. Had he died, the suit, being strictly a personal one, would have died with him. And did it survive, the principal witness would have been put out of the way of the National patriots who were so swift in doing their lord's work that day. As it is, the lad's master, Mr. Charles Marsh, a most worthy man, who was the next most important witness, has died, and several others have dispersed themselves so as to be beyond reach. So this year's trial was had under all these disadvantages. Still there was no difficulty in proving the cowardly attack on the defendant, nor yet the great and permanent injury done him. The excuse of the drunken ruffians, as you know, was that they thought the bottle he held in his hand contained vitriol. If this defence were perfect, had it been true, it was much more in their favour that the liquid was *ink* instead of vitriol—that being a preparation much more reasonably to be dreaded by all engaged in "the hunting of that day." So the case came to trial at the February term of the Supreme Court at Dedham, before Judge Merrick again. For the defendants, appeared Mr. Choate, Mr. George S. Hillard and poor kicked-out Mr. Hallett, all whose services at that time and all others could not save him from dismissal from the District-Attorneyship. Against this array of counsel, Mr. Charles M. Ellis, who distinguished himself, you will remember, as one of the counsel for Burns, stood alone and was a match for them all in acuteness, tact and the eloquence of truth and soberness.

The whole thing turned on the law of the case, which, as nearly as I can extract it from "the muddle," is substantially to this effect. The precept of the Mayor is a sufficient justification of all acts done under it by the militia, if it be strictly obeyed. The Mayor has a statutory power of calling out the militia, in case of actual riot, and also of apprehended riot. Now, in case of actual riot, the law prescribes the exact *modus operandi*. Two magistrates must accompany the troops and no action can be had by these last except by direction of the former. Moreover, the statute directs the militia to come on the ground armed and equipped as for inspection—at which times it is an offence severely punished to come with loaded muskets. But, as the law providing for threatened riots does not thus particularize the details of action, the Court holds that in such case the Mayor can give his general directions from his hiding-place in the City-Hall, and that the troops may lawfully come on the ground with loaded muskets. So that if a mob be actually destroying the city, two magistrates must be on hand to direct the loading and firing of the troops; but if the Mayor should think one probable about the middle of next month, then he can direct the Major-General to take his men with loaded guns into the streets and block them up; and if anybody is cut to pieces in the process, nobody is to blame. It is a thousand pities your Mayor Wood did not know how the law is as to this matter—provided your statutes are analogous to ours, and he had any regiments he could rely on. You might have been in possession of that admirable magistrate at this day.

As to Marshal Freeman, it was solemnly adjudged that he might not hire the militia of Boston to carry back a fugitive slave. But, then, he might inform the Mayor that he thought there probably would be a riot, and inform the Major-General that the United States would pay the wages of the troops, and if, on taking his walk down State street with Mr. Burns, that fine morning, he should happen to find the street lined with embattled shop-boys, why it was no business of his, you know. He had a right to walk down the street, of course. And if Uncle Sam should see fit to fork out the stumpy, I should like to know whose business it is? So he stood *rectus in curiâ*. The Mayor, too, it was decided, must have the control of the troops. And so that eminent magistrate swore he had, and General Edmands confirmed him. If there had been any resistance along the line of march, the troops would not have been permitted to fire, I take it, until Mayor Smith's permission could be got from the City-Hall! The swearing on the part of the defendants was beautiful. It fitted every nook and corner of the Supreme Court's Law just as if they had both been made to order, and by pattern. The Judge charged dead against the plaintiff, and the jury brought in a verdict for the defendants. You may have seen that Ela has petitioned the Legislature for remuneration, and I believe with some prospect of success. But I trust it will not be suffered to put aside his motion for a new trial, as it is important to all of us to know the terms on which we hold our lives as against a sixth-rate doctor and a bankrupt apothecary, when they happen to be dressed in a little brief authority—or rather with a good deal, as it now appears. D. Y.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, March 1, 1858.

EMERSON has said, "the Devil's an ass"; and it must be confessed that the way he has managed this Kansas business has gone far to prove it. Every step in the programme, I am pleased to believe, has been a blunder. The instruments in its execution have been too willing; in their zeal to serve their master, they have hurried him beyond the line of prudence. He was too quick on the trigger at the outset. (Pierce, Douglas & Co. managed for him then.) He struck before the iron was hot; he undertook to pluck the pear before it was ripe, fearing it would fall on the other side of the fence. The prize to be clutched was a tempting one. The addition of a young Territory like that of Kansas would greatly enhance the value of his kingdom. So he set his servants (aforesaid) to work to hurry on its acquisition. In his haste he blundered. He repealed the Missouri Compromise. This was Satan divided against himself. That Compromise was a boundary line between Freedom and Slavery; put there by slaveholders, for the benefit of slaveholders. It was meet that it should be repealed. It was a cunning device and had served its purpose well; it was a mistake in the Evil One to repeal it. It was a mistake in him to avow, and insist upon with so much force of argument, the doctrine of "Popular Sovereignty." To be sure, it seemed safe, as, living in the confines of the territory, with some of his followers as an advance guard already in possession, it was not likely that an attempt would be made to cope with him on this point; but when, for the mere purpose of making a show of fairness, he went so far as to say, "The Land is open to you as it is to us; enter in and take possession if you can," he was over confident and foolhardy. With his previous experience of Northern energy and Yankee capability, he might have known better. He didn't, however, and he was checkmated where he least expected it. The North accepted the challenge. Eli Thayer organized his Emigrant Aid Society, and Pennsylvania sent out her strong detachments, and at the first trial at the polls the Evil One was outnumbered. This made him mad, which was another blunder. He should have kept cool. He appealed to force, forgetting that this was a game at which two could play. At first the Free State men refused to fight. He thought they were cowards. This was an inexcusable blunder. He ought to have known that men of intelligence and principle, while they prefer the peaceful arts of civilization and only take up arms as a last resort, nevertheless, when they do take up arms, are more than a match for double their number made up of men of inferior culture. So the facts have proved in Kansas. The Free State men turned upon their border ruffian persecutors and drove them clean out of the Territory. They are now masters of the field. Apollyon's only hope is in the Federal Administration. The men who compose it are, in feeling and intention, all that he could ask them to be. Mr. Buchanan is even more facile than was Mr. Pierce, and Mr. Black, his constitutional adviser, is fully up to the mark (no man could go beyond it) of Attorney-General Cushing. I used to deprecate, while the contest was pending, the election of Mr. Buchanan. I feared he would be a compromising, shilly-shallying, "conservative," "respectable" sort of President, who, by yielding a little to the North and a great deal to the South, would manage to keep the progress of things under a four years' check; but I am happy to say my fears have in nowise been realized. Mr. Buchanan has proved himself the very man for the juncture, and Black just the person for his Attorney. They have done more to illustrate the character of slavery, and reveal its mastery over the Federal Government, than any Administration that has ever preceded it. They have given the Demon full swing and surrendered themselves without resistance to his will. Headlong, like the animal in Mr. Emerson's figure, he has hurried them on to the extremest ground of slaveholding iniquity, and, headstrong, like the same animal, he keeps them fixed in their position. This is well. Not that I have any apology to make for the Devil; but when he is about, I like to see his hoof and horns. He is only dangerous when he comes as an angel of light. As he appears, however, in the Administration of James Buchanan, there is no mistaking him. I am glad it is so. The revelations which are now being made in the Federal Government, of the character and designs of the Slavery Demon, cannot fail, in my judgment, to do a great deal of good. And this is the upshot of all I have been trying to say. I am sorry it has taken nearly all the space of my letter to get it out.

Pennsylvania is making some progress. Her Democracy refuse any longer to be chained to the car of Slavery. She is intensely disgusted with the conduct of her "favourite son." She had no idea that the Abolitionists had so much truth on their side till the developments at Washington and Kansas, through the instrumentality of Mr. Buchanan and his Administration, had made it manifest. There are a great many Pennsylvanians in Kansas. Reeder was a Pennsylvanian; Geary was a Pennsylvanian; the editor of the *Herald of Freedom* is a Pennsylvanian; other leading men in Kansas are Pennsylvanians. The transparent sophistries of Mr. Buchanan's messages impose on no one; the appeals of mercenary office-holders and editors are fully understood, and the only hold which Mr. Buchanan and his pro-slavery Administration have upon the people is given them by their official patronage. John W. Forney, the man who, it is said, made Buchanan President, and who is now one of his chief antagonists, is a greater power in Pennsylvania than all the "powers that be" in Washington. His paper, *The Press*, has a large and increasing circulation. It is edited with spirit and ability; and although it is in no other sense anti-slavery, in its avowed sentiments, than that of being opposed to the Lecompton Constitution, it is nevertheless doing a good work for Freedom, in exposing and thwarting as it does the schemes of the Slave Power. *The Press*, it is understood, enjoys the sympathy and support of the State Administration. Gov. Packer is an anti-Lecompton man, although his condemnation of that base instrument uttered in his late message was so mixed up with silly encomiums upon the President as to divest it entirely of all moral power. His Administration, a prominent member of which is Attorney-General Knox, late Judge Knox, is said to be heartily opposed to the Lecomptonites. Judge Knox, you will remember, is the gentleman who behaved so handsomely, while on the bench, in the Passmore Williamson case, and whose opinion on the Habeas Corpus feature of that case gave such universal satisfaction.

The pro-slavery measures of Mr. Buchanan have thus far derived no support from the Legislature of his own State; though his friends there have had power enough, with the help they have received from Washington, to prevent any overtly hostile demonstration. Nor does his policy command the approval of the Pennsylvania delegates of his own party in Congress. That of Glancy Jones, an ultra pro-slavery man from the beginning, was, of course, to be expected; as also that of the brainless demagogue Florence, and others, including Henry M. Phillips, his voluntary assurance to the contrary notwithstanding; but from Hickman, the ablest of them all—excepting, perhaps, Glancy Jones—and Chapman and Owen Jones and others he has met the steadiest opposition.

What will be the upshot of this question it is hard to say; I can't help entertaining, however, the most comfortable conjectures. The Lecompton Constitution may be adopted, but Kansas will be a free State. Enough of Northern men may be found to save the Administration from defeat in Congress, but the *entente cordiale*, at least, between the North and slavery is at an end. The Democracy of Pennsylvania will perhaps not undergo any radical change of character, but they will be released from their base vassalage to the South, and will no longer be compelled to grind blindly in the prison-house of the slave-dealers. These will be great advantages, and, if realized, will indicate that our work is in a cheering state of forwardness.

From our Cincinnati Correspondent.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 25, 1858.

THERE is nothing of especial interest occurring here, just at this time, in the anti-slavery enterprise. There have been no slave cases before our Courts since the rescue trials before Judge Leavitt in November last, and there have been no meetings or Conventions of the friends of Freedom, for discussion, through the winter. There seems to be no unusual agitation in the waves of public opinion, and yet it is not to be inferred that the cause of Human Rights is at a stand or going backward. The Slavery question, in its political aspects, seems to be the main subject of discussion by the press, but the moral sense of the community is becoming every day more enlightened and quickened in regard to the great question of the times. The reports in the newspapers of the discussions in Congress; the advances made by the President, at the bidding of the Slave Power, to bring the free States under complete subjection to it, and the constant agitation kept up by the Kansas difficulties, are all aiding in keeping the subject prominently before the people, and awakening them to a realization of the exactions of the slaveholders and their steady encroachments upon the domains of Freedom.

All this assists (if it be sometimes indirectly) the progress of the moral agitation. Many who have voted once or more with the Republican party feel that something more is needed than political action. The Methodist Episcopal Church, the most influential religious body in the West, is becoming every year more deeply imbued with an anti-slavery spirit, and several of the Western Conferences have adopted resolutions, within a year past, taking ground which they were unwilling or afraid to take but a few years since. It is true that the last General Conference, considering the number of professed and real Anti-Slavery men in it, came lamentably short of any efficient action; but the influence of the conservatives, headed by the New York Book Concern, is becoming every year comparatively more feeble, and the next General Conference will most certainly manifest a more determined anti-slavery spirit than any that have preceded it. I do not think it at all improbable that that body will adopt measures excluding slaveholders from the communion of the Church, the effect of which will be to drive off the "Southern" or "Border Conferences."

The action taken by the New School Presbyterian General Assembly at Cleveland in May last, however much it failed of meeting the demands of Abolitionists, has had a salutary effect in encouraging the Anti-Slavery party in other Churches. In the Congregational and New School Presbyterian Churches in the West, the Anti-Slavery sentiment is stronger and more decided than ever before, and even in the Old School Presbyterian Church, hitherto regarded as one of the strongholds of Conservatism, the signs of the times make it apparent that the agitation must sooner or later come on. The progress of the slavery discussion in the New School Church, the separation of the Southern section, and the "ultra" ground taken in defence of slavery by Dr. Ross and Southern men generally, have had a tendency to encourage the real friends of freedom in the Old School Church to speak out. Coming in competition, as it does, with other denominations in the West, more decidedly anti-slavery, it must lose ground (as it is now confessed that it has done for some years past) if it continues as pro-slavery as heretofore. Dr. Rice, whose influence is on the side of slavery, has removed from St. Louis to Chicago, to counteract, it is said, as far as he can, the progress of anti-slavery sentiment in the North-West. It is yet to be seen whether the denomination in that latitude will consent to be led by respect for a distinguished name to give up their convictions of the wrongfulness of slavery. As to the final success of Dr. Rice in checking the progress of the agitation in favour of Freedom in the Church, there can be but one opinion among intelligent observers. The enterprise is too great and too holy an one to be hindered from a triumph by clerical defenders of slaveholding.

It appears, judging from articles in some of the religious papers, that dissatisfaction with the course taken by the Directors of the American Tract Society, since its last annual meeting, is increasing at the East. I am glad to see this, and yet, upon the general principle involved, I must remark that it seems to me that the great voluntary benevolent institutions of the country have been censured without sufficient *discrimination* by Abolitionists for not taking a more advanced position than they have done as to the sin of slaveholding. It should be remembered that these Societies are but the servants and agents of the Churches which have entrusted them with funds for certain purposes, and they are bound to carry out the wishes of the donors as nearly as they can ascertain them. If the prevailing sentiment of their constituents does not regard slaveholding as a bar to communion, or sanctions a compromising silence upon it in order to gain admittance to the South, they only carry out their wishes in pursuing the course they have. Whatever their private opinion may be in regard to slavery, the Directors are only bound to carry out the intentions of those who support these Societies as fully as they can ascertain them. The task of making *tests* of *discipline* or *Christian character* rests with the various Ecclesiastical bodies, and for discharging this duty they should be held to a rigid responsibility, as Abolitionists have always maintained.

All that ought to be expected of the voluntary Societies and Boards is to conform their action to any advanced state of sentiment in the Churches which support them. This is the democratic idea, which teaches that the clearly expressed will of the constituent should always govern the representative. The Home and Foreign Mission Boards, if they have not laid it down as an axiom that slaveholding is to be always regarded as a sin and the contributions of slaveholders refused, have made progress, from time to time, as they have been urged by the indications given them of the will of their supporters. Let the anti-slavery sentiment of the Churches be strengthened, and these Boards, as well as the Tract Society, be assured that *more decisive action* in regard to slavery is demanded, and they will be at length compelled to conform to its wishes. In regard to the Tract Society and the Sunday School Union, the work of progress must be more gradual, as they are supported by a larger number of religious denominations, each of which has an equal voice in the management, and they are more dependent upon the South for support than the Mission Boards. The true democratic principle, looking to the people for the source of power, and making Boards possessing delegated powers follow—not lead—in their action the will of their constituents, must be the correct one in all cases.

It is one of the errors into which we are apt to fall, to expect too much of the Government and the Church. Like the Prohibitory Liquor law, the Capital Punishment provision in the code, and others, no law can be enforced unless there is a strong, an overpowering public sentiment to sustain it, and it is rarely, if ever, safe to go far in advance of it. All great reforms in a community like ours must begin with the people, and move upward to the Legislative bodies in State and Church, which are proverbially conservative and cautious. Hence the necessity of strengthening the Anti-Slavery sentiment among the people, as the American anti-slavery Society is doing by its lecturers and publications—a work in which every press which takes the side of freedom is a worthy co-labourer.

The infamous bill brought forward in the Ohio Legislature imposing severe restrictions upon the coloured people has not passed. The Buchanan Democracy, when it comes to voting for it, will hardly dare to pass the bill. They well know that it would injure them in every part of the State. P.

CONGRESS.

THE principal feature in the proceedings of Congress for the past week is the defeat of the Army bill in the Senate. Mr. Seward, after speaking once in favour of the bill as introduced by Jefferson Davis, changed his policy, and abandoned the plan of increasing the regular army, and went for Gov. Johnson's and Mr. Pugh's amendments providing instead for a volunteer force. In consequence of this change on his part, the Army men were not strong enough to carry through their project, Mr. Pugh's amendment prevailing by a majority of one. Mr. Seward's vote having first turned the scale in favour of an increase of the regulars, now turned it the other way, in favour of raising volunteers, to be disbanded at the close of the Utah rebellion. The partisans of the President were so intensely dissatisfied with the bill in this amended form that a portion of them united with the Republicans in defeating it. It was rejected, 35 to 16. Mr. Seward, we suspect, was influenced, in his "sober second thought," by the earnest protests of his most influential supporters.

The Washington *Union*, the mouthpiece of the President, is very angry in consequence of the defeat of the bill, and it denounces those Democrats by whose votes that result was secured. It says:

"It is not at all surprising that the Black Republicans should pursue this course, and that their neophytes, who have been recently initiated into their mysteries, and who worship so devoutly now at the dusky shrine where Greeley, Abby Kelly and the Senator from New Hampshire kneel and cry aloud—it is natural enough that this conglomerate brotherhood should pig together in the same sty. But it is worthy of 'especial wonder' that Democrats should be found to vote persistently with them to defeat the measures of the Administration, and in the attempt to force upon it a measure and a policy which would only embarrass it, and which was intended by the majority of its supporters to embarrass it."

The Lecompton Democracy are afraid the President will not have sufficient soldiers to force upon the people of Kansas a slave Constitution.

OBITUARY.

Died, at Tamaqua, Pa., Feb. 15th, J. Edwards Barnes, Superintendent of the Little Schuylkill Railroad. He was suffocated in a coal mine.

To the Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUGHTOWN, Pa., Feb. 22d.

THIS night, three weeks, I lectured in Tamaqua. At the close of the meeting, which was well attended, the gentleman whose sudden death is recorded above stepped up and asked me about having another meeting. It was out of my power to stop just then, as I had an engagement for the next evening, but I decided to return the next day, when I again met Mr. Barnes and conversed with him some time. His conversation was hopeful, encouraging and suggestive. One of his last acts, before my departure, was to write me two letters of introduction, one to Mr. Gildersleeve of Wilkesbarre and another to Danville. I returned again last Saturday, but I missed a friendly face from my meeting. The voice so ready to encourage me was hushed in death; the hands so willing to assist had performed their last acts of kindness; the earth-mission of the philanthropist had ended. The following lines, which I hope are appropriate and applicable, were suggested by his death.

Dead! when last we met his lips were fresh,
His eye was genial, kind and bright;
I came again, the lips had paled,
The eye was dimmed, and lost its light.

Dead! when last we met his words were kind,
They fell like music on my ear;
I came again, the soul had fled
That breathed those words of hope and cheer.

He is not dead! he only left
A precious robe of clay behind,
To draw a robe of love and light
Around his disembodied mind.

He is not dead! we only miss
His presence from the paths we roam;
Oh may his steps be tracks of light,
To guide us to our future home.

FRANCIS E. WATKINS.

On the morning of the 24th of Second month, Hannah T. Chandler, of Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa., departed from this state of existence and entered upon the realities of the life beyond the grave. She was in the 76th year of her age. She was unusually vigorous for one of her advanced years, until within a few days before the final close, which was occasioned by congestion of the lungs. Through her painful illness she manifested remarkable patience, expressing entire resignation as to the final result. The funeral took place from the residence of her children, Isaac and Dinah Mendenhall, and was attended by a very large concourse of relatives and friends, where a religious meeting was held, and the remains interred in Longwood Cemetery. R.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—We are indebted to the Hon. Charles Sumner and the Hon. Henry Wilson for valuable public documents.

Summary.

Why is Keitt, of South Carolina, likely to become a good Republican?

Answer.—Because he is Grow's RIGHT HAND *man.*—*Evening Post.*

LOUISIANA AND MASSACHUSETTS.—In the Louisiana House of Representatives a bill has been introduced relative to Massachusetts, one provision of which is that no debt owing to a citizen of that State shall be recoverable in the courts of Louisiana.

BARBARITY.—Sometime ago a man named Pruden, residing in Isle of Wight County, took one of his negro men into the woods, and, after tying, cut and mutilated him in a shocking manner. Pruden was arrested, but liberated on bail, and has left for parts unknown. The negro recovered.—*The South.*

MAN SELLING HIS WIFE.—Nathaniel Dyes, of the Western Branch, sold his wife to George Canady, for five hundred and fifty dollars. All the parties were well satisfied. This is a practical illustration of "free trade and *woman's* rights."—*Norfolk (Va.) Herald.*

FIFTY AND STOCKS.—This devoted city is rapidly rushing into a whirl of excitement in stock gambling and religious revivals. Satan is busy all the morning in Wall street among the brokers, and all the afternoon and evening the churches are crowded with saints who gambled in the morning. So we go.—*The Herald.*

There are only two survivors of the slaves in Massachusetts who were made free by decision of the Supreme Court upon the Constitution of 1784, one of whom is Mother Boston, residing in Boston, and supposed to be 105 years of age, and the other is Daddy Vassal, aged 92, a member of Dr. Lothrop's Church in Boston.

CASTE IMPERILLED.—A handsome and well-dressed young lady and an aristocratic-looking gentleman rode through Washington street, Boston, on Monday, in a sugar box on runners, labelled "hard times," and drawn by a sorry, sorrel nag. The *Post* says many pedestrians were shocked at the spectacle. It must have been exceedingly shocking to Boston propriety to see such a piece of broad fun enacted by representatives of the first circles. A council of old women should be called on Beacon hill at once, to see to it that the first society suffers no detriment from this indiscretion.—*Spring. Repub.*

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Saturday morning last, a fire occurred on the corner of Bleecker street and Broadway, in the City Market building, in which three Irishmen, who lodged in the upper story, were burned to death.

It is proposed to take off enough from the large County of Tazewell, in Virginia, to form two new counties, one to be called Buchanan and the other Breckinridge. In the county of Buchanan, that is to be, says the Tazewell *Advocate*, there are said to be three slaves, and in the proposed Breckinridge it is added that there will not be a slave owned.

A LAWYER NONPLUSSED.—A first rate joke took place lately in our court-room. A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born."

The lawyer who cross-examined her said—"You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?"

"I do."

"What did he do the first year?"

"*He milked.*"

The lawyer evaporated.—*Hartford Courant.*

THOUGHT BETTER OF IT.—The slave woman Betty, whose declared preference for slavery, while with her master at Lawrence recently, gave such satisfaction to the men who by the grace of the people are called conservatives in Massachusetts, after returning with her dear owners as far as New York, took "a sober, second thought" and started on the underground railroad towards Canada. At Cincinnati she was joined by her husband, who is a free man. Her unusual love of slavery was only an ingenious white lie which answered its purpose till her plans were perfected. How shocking must such duplicity be to those who extolled Betty's love of slavery.

According to the New Orleans *Delta*, the South has already reopened the African Slave Trade. A regular depot has been established on Pearl river in Mississippi, where cargoes of negroes are landed and sold. The vessels engaged in this traffic hoist the French flag. Whoever else may be surprised at these disclosures, we are not. There are always villains ready to embody a wicked public sentiment in acts, before it has become sufficiently strong to clothe itself in the forms of law. The Federal Government is not Argus-eyed, as respects matters of this description. Let us see if, now that its eyes are opened, it will care to use its hands.—*Tribune.*

A SMART DARKEY.—On Sunday evening last, four prisoners confined in the Territorial Penitentiary, at Stillwater, Minnesota, made their escape by picking a hole through the prison wall. In the same apartment with these men was confined a negro, who did not go off with them, but remained behind. When he was reprimanded for not giving the alarm when he knew what was going on, he very gravely informed the warden that he was not placed there on that kind of duty! When informed that the law would regard him as a *particeps criminis* to the transaction, by thus sanctioning or permitting the deed, and would probably punish him severely by extending his imprisonment, he very sarcastically replied—"Sir, you can't fool dis nigger with any such logic! De higher court says 'a nigger has no right which white men are bound to respect,' and, such being the case, what *right* had dis nigger to say a word? None, sir—no right to blow on dem four white gemmen."—*Dubuque Tribune.*

THE LATE AFFRAY IN CONGRESS.—A glorious affair occurred in Congress on Saturday, in which a sneaking, rascally abolition, Black Republican scoundrel, named Grow, who hails from some wretched locality in the interior of Pennsylvania, got his deserts at the hands of the gallant and chivalrous Hon. Lawrence M. Keitt, of South Carolina. It seems that the man Grow had the audacious impudence to cross over to the Democratic side of the house, and, while there, take part in the proceedings. For this he was rebuked by Mr. Keitt, and the man Grow replied with some Black Republican slang about this being a free land. Mr. Keitt immediately resented this insolence by making an effort to seize the scoundrel by the throat, at the same time calling him a Black Republican puppy. Grow put out his fist (from the shoulder) for the purpose of keeping Mr. Keitt from hurting him, when the latter struck the fist of Grow such a tremendous blow with his eye that Mr. Keitt fell down from the rebound.

Several Southern gentlemen interfered to prevent Keitt from continuing to punish the insolent Black Republican, and Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, struck Washburne, of Illinois, such a blow in the fist with his head, that the wig worn by Mr. B. was knocked off. It is hoped that this decided course, on the part of our gallant Southern representatives in Congress, will put an effectual stop to such insolences as talking in Congress about this being a free land.—*Southern Fire-Eater.*

MISSOURI.—A traveller through the different sections of this State would, even at this time of the year (February) meet trains of movers on all our public roads. The northern half of the State is invaded—very peaceably of course—by immigrants from Iowa and Northern Illinois, our State having the advantage of cheaper land, more abundant timber, and a milder climate. The mineral districts of the south-east are filling with free labourers from all parts of the Union, and in the south-western part, not surpassed in beauty and natural richness by any portion of our vast territory, numberless new locations are made by people from Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, and by thousands of Europeans. The last-named region, as yet remote from the centres of commerce, and till lately chiefly the happy home of pioneers and squatters from the Southern States (few of them slaveholders, the majority having been expatriated and driven away by their rich and slave-owning neighbours), will very soon represent a strange mixture of people, differing in many respects, but united in the one object to live peaceably together and enjoy personal independence without let or hindrance, and to profit by the natural treasures of the virgin soil.—*Cor. Tribune.*

STATE LEGISLATION ON SLAVERY.—The Legislatures of a number of the slave States have this winter taken up the subject of slavery, with a view of enacting more stringent laws against the negro population, and increasing the number of slaves. In Louisiana a bill is before the House appropriating a large amount of money, to be used by the Governor, for the purpose of bringing free negroes from the coast of Africa. In Texas they have a report from a committee of the Legislature, recommending the immediate reopening of the slave trade. In Virginia a law is before the Legislature, empowering the authorities to sell all the free negroes into slavery. A bill has recently been introduced in the House of Delegates of Maryland, to the effect that no slave who has been or may hereafter be manumitted, by deed or will, upon condition that the said slave shall leave the State, or upon any other condition or contingency, shall be entitled to freedom until the said condition shall have been performed, or the specified contingency shall have happened; also, that no slave shall hereafter be manumitted, by deed or will, unless the said slave is, at the date of the manumission, above the age of ten or under the age of forty-five years, and able to gain a livelihood and support by labour.

SOUTH-SIDE PIETY.—The *Republican* has spoken approvingly of the petitions that are in circulation, in this city, for the suppression of the grog-shops—those fruitful incentives to pauperism, crime and nearly every other variety of human degradation. Signatures have been sought, principally through the instrumentality of the various church organizations in Boston. You may, or may not, be suprised to learn that an official member of the Essex street church, over which the Rev. Dr. Adams, of "South-side" memory, presides, declined to receive one of the petitions for circulation in that society, on the ground that it would have a tendency to divert the attention of the members from more appropriate duties. The pious Christians of the Essex street church were too busy in raising six thousand dollars for the mission to Borriboola Gha, to bestow a single thought upon the miserable victims of intemperance who were perishing by thousands at their own doors, or to lend the influence of their names, even, to an effort to close up the two thousand grog-shops which are blasting the fame, the prosperity, the hopes and the souls of so many of their fellow-citizens. And you may or may not be surprised to learn, too, that while Benjamin F. Hallett has given the influence of his name to the movement, expressing his satisfaction at the opportunity to do so, the Rev Nehemiah Adams has refused *his*, on the ground that it might impair his usefulness as a Christian minister. Will you permit a humble individual like myself, who, in any decently accurate classification of saints and sinners, must take rank with the latter, to inquire what such a Christianity as that is worth! If doctors of Divinity and members of the church may take a "south-side" view of sin, however atrocious and destructive, why may not the ungodly! I tell you I don't believe in such a religion—I can't believe in it—*I won't believe in it!* Such an argument as the fires of Smithfield could never convert me to it. *No, never!*—*Cor. Springfield Republican.*

TWO KINDS OF PIETY.—The following lines, says the *Evening Post*, may be objected to by some for a seeming irreverence of language, but the discerning reader will see that they are far from irreverent in purpose and in spirit. In this respect they remind us of the eccentric methods by which Rev. Rowland Hill and other excellent divines have sometimes inculcated the most sacred lessons of Scripture. The incident on which they are founded is thus related:

"A few years since a powerful revival of religion was witnessed at Oldtown, Maine. Among the converts was an Indian of the Penobscot tribe. Soon after his conversion, Peol attended a prayer-meeting, and was called upon to "tell his experience." Not exactly understanding the construction of the King's English, Peol expressed himself as follows. 'Oh glory, me feel pious like hell!'"

The hand of religion is potent to save,
Its value no mortal can prize,
It leads us in safety clear down to the grave,
Then gives us a pass to the skies.
But since the grand choice in the garden was given,
Since Adam from paradise fell,
Full many are found to be pious like Heaven,
While many are "pious like Hell."

I once was an orphan-boy, mortgaged and leased,
And served without hope of a fee,
For one who was lending the Lord what she fleeced
From the girl in the kitchen and me.
'Twas a day or two since that I gazed on the face
Of her, the once Mademoiselle,
And thought, though she bragged of "abounding in grace,"
That she, too, was "pious like Hell."

But tares in the wheat, and the counterfeit coin,
Should rob us of none of our rest;
Let this be our motto while journeying on—
"God orders all things for the best."
And mind you, no knowledge to mortal is given
By which that frail mortal can tell,
Except by the fru

Miscellaneous Department.

THE SAD STORY OF HENRI AMBOS.

[Extracted from one of the Dialogues in Mrs. Jameson's "Sketches of Art, Literature and character."]

I was travelling from Weimar to Frankfort, and had stopped at a little town, one or two stages beyond Fulda; I was standing at the window of the inn, which was opposite to the post-house, and looking at a crowd of travellers who had just been disgorged from a huge Eilwagen or post-coach, which was standing there. Among them was one female, who, before I was aware, fixed my attention. Although closely enveloped in a winter-dress from head to foot, her height, and the easy decision with which she moved, showed that her figure was fine and well proportioned; and as the wind blew aside her black veil, I had a glimpse of features which still farther excited my curiosity. I had time to consider her, as she alighted and walked over to the inn alone. She entered at once the room—it was a sort of public saloon—in which I was; summoned the waiter, whom she addressed in a good-humoured, but rather familiar style, and ordered breakfast; not a cup of chocolate or *coffee au lait*, as became a heroine, for you see I was resolved that she should be one, but a very substantial German breakfast—soup, a cutlet, and a pint (eine halbe flasche) of good wine; it was then about ten o'clock. While this was preparing, she threw off her travelling accoutrements; first a dark cloak, richly lined with fur; one or two shawls; a sort of pelisse, or rather surtout, reaching to her knees, with long loose sleeves, such as you may see in the prints of Tartar or Muscovite costumes; this was made of a beautiful Indian shawl, lined with blue silk and trimmed with sables; under these splendid and multifarious coverings she wore a dress of deep mourning. Her figure, when displayed, excited my admiration; it was one of the most perfect I ever beheld. Her feet, hands and head were small in proportion to her figure; her face was not so striking—it was pretty rather than handsome; her small mouth closed firmly, so as to give a marked and singular expression of resolution and decision to a physiognomy otherwise frank and good-humoured. Her eyes, also small, were of a dark hazel, bright and with long blonde eyelashes. Her abundant fair hair was plaited in several bands, and fastened on the top of her head, in the fashion of the German peasant girls. Her voice would have been deemed rather high-pitched for "ear polite," but it was not deficient in melody; and though her expression was grave, and even sad, upon our first encounter, I soon found that mirth, and not sadness, was the natural character of her mind, as of her countenance. When anything ridiculous occurred, she burst at once into a laugh—such a merry, musical peal, that it was impossible not to sympathize in it. Her whole appearance and manner gave the idea of a farmer's buxom daughter; nothing could be more distinct from our notions of the lady-like, yet there was nothing that could be more free from impropriety, more expressive of native innocence and modesty; but the splendour of her dress did not exactly suit with her deportment—it puzzled me. I observed, when she drew off her glove, that she wore a number of silver rings of a peculiar fashion, and among them a fine diamond. She walked up and down while her breakfast was preparing, seemingly lost in painful meditations; but when it appeared, she sat down and did justice to it, as one who had been many hours without food. While she was thus engaged, the conducteur of the Eilwagen and one of the passengers came in, and spoke to her with interest and respect. Soon afterwards came the mistress of the inn (who had never deigned to notice me, for it is not the fashion in Germany); she came with an offer of particular services, and from the conversation I gathered, to my astonishment, that this young creature—she seemed not more than two or three and twenty—was on her way home, alone and unprotected, from—can you imagine?—even from the wilds of Siberia! But then what had brought her there? I listened, in hopes of discovering, but they all spoke so fast that I could make out nothing more. Afterwards I had occasion to go over to a little shop to make some purchase. On my return, I found her crying bitterly, and my maid, also in tears, was comforting her with great volubility. Now, though my learning in German, like Orlando's beard, was not considerable, and my heroine spoke still less French, I could not help assisting in the task of consolation—never, certainly, were my curiosity and interest more strongly excited. Subsequently we met at Frankfort, where she was lodged in the same hotel, and I was enabled to offer her a seat in my vehicle to Mayence. Thus I had opportunities of hearing her whole history related at different times; and I will now endeavour to give it to you in a connected form. I may possibly make some mistake with regard to the order of events, but I promise you faithfully that where my recollection of names, or dates, or circumstances may fail me, I will not, like Mademoiselle de Montpensier, make use of my imagination to supply the defects of memory. You shall have, if not the whole truth, at least as much of it as I can remember, and with no fictitious interpolations and improvements. Of the animation of voice and manner, the vivid eloquence, the graphic spirit, the quick transitions of feeling, and the grace and vivacity of gesture and action with which the relation was made to me by this fine untutored child of nature, I can give you no idea—it was altogether a study of character I shall never forget.

My heroine—truly and in every sense does she deserve the name—was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine merchant of Deuxponts. (In the German maps, Zweibrucken; the capital of those provinces of the kingdom of Bavaria which lie on the left bank of the Rhine.) She was one of five children, two much older and two much younger than herself. Her eldest brother was called Henri; he had early displayed such uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father was determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the University of Erlangen, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him, perhaps with all a sister's partiality, as being not only the pride of his family, but of all his fellow-citizens, "tall, and handsome, and good," of a most benevolent, enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time he attracted the notice of one of the princes in the north of Germany, with whom he travelled, I believe, in the capacity of secretary. The name of the prince, and the particulars of this part of his life, have escaped me: but it appears that, through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he become professor of theology in a university of Courtland, I think at Riga, or somewhere near it, for the name of this city was continually recurring in her narrative. Henri was at this time about eight-and-twenty.

While here, it was his fate to fall passionately in love with the daughter of a rich Jew merchant. His religious zeal mingled with his love; he was as anxious to convert his mistress as to possess her—and, in fact, the first was a necessary preliminary to the second; the consequences were all in the usual style of such matters. The relations discovered the correspondence, and the young Jewess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover. They met in secret. What arguments he might use to convert this modern Jessica, I know not, but they prevailed. She declared herself convinced, and consented to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silesia, to be baptized, and to become his wife.

Apparently their plans were not well arranged or were betrayed; for they were pursued by her relations and the police, and overtaken before they reached the frontiers.

The young man was accused of carrying off his Jewish love by force, and this, I believe, at Riga, where the Jews are protected, is a capital crime. The affair was brought before the tribunal, and the accused defended himself by declaring that the girl had fled with him by her own free will; that she was a Christian, and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or had gone through some similar ceremony. The father Jew denied this on the part of his daughter, and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family made many difficulties, but by order of the judge she was obliged to appear. She was brought into the court of justice pale, trembling, and supported by her father and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos. She answered, in a faint voice, "No." Had then violence been used to carry her off? "Yes." Was she a Christian? "No." Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband? "No."

On hearing these replies, so different from the truth, from all he could have anticipated, the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupified; then, as if seized with a sudden frenzy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented, he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became sullenly calm, offered not another word in his own defence, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of the family after the lapse of many months, but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and although one of his relations went to Riga for the purpose of obtaining some information—some redress—he returned without having effected either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died: his mother, who persisted in hoping, while all others despaired, lingered on in heart-wearing suspense. At length, in the beginning of last year (1833), a travelling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquired for the family of Ambos. He informed them that in the preceding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other driminals, near the fortress of Barinska, in Siberia, who described himself as Henri Ambos, a pastor of the Lutheran church, unjustly condemned; and besought him with tears, and the most urgent supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and beseech them to use every means to obtain his liberation.

You must imagine—for I cannot describe as she described—the feelings which this intelligence excited. A family council was held, and it was determined at once that application should be made to the police authorities at St. Petersburg, to ascertain, beyond doubt, the fate of poor Henri—and a petition in his favour must be presented to the Emperor of Russia; but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children; the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then said that she would undertake the journey, and argued that, as a woman, she had more chance of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and, being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate and strong-minded girl set off alone on her long and perilous journey.

"When my mother gave me her blessing," said she, "I made a vow to God and my own heart that I would not return alive without the pardon of my brother. I feared nothing; I had nothing to live for. I had health and strength, and I had not a doubt of my own success, because I was *resolved* to succeed; but ah! *liebe madame!* what a fate was mine! and how am I returning to my mother! my poor old mother!"

Here she burst into tears, and threw herself back in the carriage; after a few minutes she resumed her narrative.

She reached the city of Riga without miachance. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St. Petersburg, where she arrived safely in the beginning of June, 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particularly with one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm, by the title of M. le Pasteur. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, &c.; but, at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance and address, she was in possession of these, and, with the assistance of her good friend and pastor, she drew up a petition to the Emperor. With this she waited on the Minister of the Interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition. She threw herself on her knees, and added tears to entreaties; but he was inexorable, and added brutally, "Your brother was a *mauvais sujet*, he *ought* not to be pardoned, and, if I were the Emperor, I would not pardon him."

She rose from her knees, and, stretching her arms towards heaven, exclaimed with fervour—

"I call God to witness that my brother was innocent! and I thank God that you are not the Emperor, for I can still hope!"

The minister, in a rage, said:

"Do you dare to speak thus to me? Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," she replied, "you are his excellency the minister C——; but what of that! you are a cruel man! but I put my trust in God and the Emperor; and then," said she, "I left him, without even a curtsey, though he followed me to the door, speaking very loud and very angrily."

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers (for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardship of the case, still refused to interfere, or deliver her petition), she resolved to do what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance—to appeal to the Emperor in person; but it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers; in vain she beset the imperial suite, at reviews, at the theatre, on the way to the church; invariably beaten back by the guards, or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the Emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind—hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening—threatened by the police and spurned by the officials—Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex. Among some ladies of rank, who became interested in her story, and invited her to their houses, was a Countess Elise something or other, whose name I am sorry I did not write down. One day, on seeing her young *protegée* overwhelmed with grief, and almost in despair, she said, with emotion:

"I cannot dare to present your petition myself, I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished the court; but all I can do I will. I will lend you my equipage and servants. I will dress you in one of my robes; you shall drive to the palace the next levee day, and obtain an audience under my name; when once in the presence of the Emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk thus much, will you venture the rest?"

"And what," said I, "was your answer?"

"Oh!" she replied, "I could not answer; but I threw myself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown."

I asked her whether she had not feared, to risk the safety of her generous friend? She replied:

"That thought did strike me—but what would you have?—I cast it from me. I was *resolved* to have my brother's pardon—I would have sacrificed my own life to obtain it—and, God forgive me, I thought little of what it would cost another."

This plan was soon arranged, and, at the time appointed, my resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laquеys, in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise ——, who supplicated a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and, in a few minutes, she was in the presence of the Emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but suddenly started back——

Here I could not help asking her whether, in that moment, she did not feel her heart sink?

"No," she said firmly; "on the contrary, I felt my heart beat quicker and higher! I sprang forward and knelt at his feet, exclaiming, with clasped hands—'Pardon, imperial majesty! Pardon!'"

"Who are you?" said the Emperor, astonished; "and what can I do for you?"

He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers, and overcome, even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears, and said:

"May it please your imperial majesty, I am not Countess Elise ——, I am only the sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. O pardon! pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. O, imperial majesty! pardon my poor brother!"

I held out the petition and the papers, and, at the same time, prostrate on my knees, I seized the skirt of his embroidered coat, and pressed it to my lips. The Emperor said, "Rise—rise!" but I would not rise; I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them. At last the Emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand towards me, and took the papers with the other, saying:

"Rise, Mademoiselle—I command you to rise."

I ventured to kiss his hand, and said, with tears, "I pray of your Majesty to read that paper." He said, "I will read it." I then rose from the ground, and stood watching him while he unfolded the petition, and read it. His countenance changed, and he exclaimed once or twice, "Is it possible! This is dreadful!" When he had finished, he folded the paper, and said at once:

"Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned."

The words rung in my ears, and I again flung myself at his feet, saying—and yet I scarce know what I said.

"Your imperial majesty is a god upon earth; do you indeed pardon my brother? Your ministers would never suffer me to approach you; and even yet I fear——!"

He said, "Fear nothing; you have my promise."

He then raised me from the ground, and conducted me himself to the door. I tried to thank and bless him, but could not; he held out his hand for me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room.

"Ach ja! the Emperor is a good man—ein schöner, feiner, mann? but he does not know how cruel his ministers are, and all the evil they do, and all the justice they refuse in his name!"

I have given you this scene as nearly as possible in her own words. She not only related it, but almost acted it over again; she imitated, alternately, her own and the Emperor's voice and manner; and such was the vivacity of her description that I seemed to hear and behold both, and was more profoundly moved than by any scenic representation I can remember.

On her return she received the congratulations of her benefactress, the Countess Elise, and of her good friend the pastor, but both advised her to keep her audience and the Emperor's promise a profound secret. She was the more inclined to this because, after the first burst of joyous emotion, her spirit sank. Recollecting the pains that had been taken to shut her from the Emperor's presence, she feared some unforeseen obstacle, or even some knavery on the part of the officers of government. She described her sufferings during the next few days, as fearful; her agitation, her previous fatigues, and the terrible suspense, apparently threw her into a fever, or acted on her excited nerves so as to produce a species of delirium, though, of course, she would not admit this. After assuring me very gravely that she did not believe in ghosts, she told me that, one night, after her interview with the Emperor, she was reading in bed, being unable to sleep, and, on raising her eyes from the book, she saw the figure of her brother standing at the other end of the room; she exclaimed, "My God, Henri! is that you?" but, without making any reply, the form approached nearer and nearer to the bed, keeping its melancholy eyes fixed on her, till it came quite close to the bedside, and laid a cold, heavy hand upon her.

Medon.—The night-mare, evidently.

Alda.—Without doubt; but her own impression was as of a reality. The figure, after looking at her sadly for some minutes, during which she had no power either to move or speak, turned away; she then made a desperate effort to call out to the daughter of her hostess, who slept in the next room—"Luise! Luise!" Luise ran in to her. "Do you not see my brother standing there?" she exclaimed with horror, and pointing to the other end of the room, whither the image, conjured up by her excited fancy and fevered nerves, appeared to have receded. The frightened, staring Luise answered, "Yes!" "You see," said she, appealing to me, "that though I might be cheated by my own senses, I could not doubt those of another. I thought to myself, then, my poor Henri is dead, and God has permitted him to visit me. This idea pursued me all that night and the next day; but on the following day, which was Monday, just five days after I had seen the Emperor, a *laquais*, in the imperial livery, came to my lodgings and put into my hands a packet, with the "Emperor's *compliments* to Mademoiselle Ambos." It was the pardon for my brother, with the Emperor's seal and signature; then I forgot everything but joy!"

Those mean, official animals, who had before spurned her, now pressed upon her with offers of service, and even the Minister C—— offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia, *in order to save her trouble*; but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands; she determined to carry it herself—to be herself the bearer of glad tidings—she had resolved that none but herself should take off those fetters, the very description of which had entered her soul; so, having made her arrangements as quickly as possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days. According to her description, the town in Siberia, to the governor of which she carried an official recommendation, was nine thousand versts beyond Moscow; and the fortress to which the wretched malefactors were exiled was at a great distance beyond that. I could not well make out the situation of either, and, unluckily, I had no map with me but a road map of Germany, and it was evident my heroine was no geographer. She told me that, after leaving Moscow, she travelled post seven days and seven nights, only sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights.

Medon.—Alone?

Alda.—Alone! and wholly unprotected, except by her own innocence and energy, and a few lines of recommendation, which had been given to her at St. Petersburg. The roads were everywhere excellent, the post-houses at regular distances, the travelling rapid; but often, for hundreds of miles, there were no accommodations of any kind—scarce a human habitation. She even suffered from hunger, not being prepared to travel for so many hours together without meeting with any food she could touch without disgust. She described, with great truth and eloquence, her own sensations as she was whirled rapidly over those wide, silent, solitary and apparently endless plains. "Sometimes," said she, "my head seemed to turn—I could not believe that it was a waking reality. I could not believe that it was myself. Alone in a strange land—many hundred leagues from my own home, and driven along as if through the air, with a rapidity so different from anything I had been used to, that it almost took away my breath."

"Did you ever feel fear?" I asked.

"Ach ja! when I waked sometimes in the carriage, in the middle of night, wondering at myself, and unable immediately to collect my thoughts. Never at any other time."

I asked her if she had ever met with insult. She said she had twice met with "wicked men"; but she had felt no alarm—she knew how to protect herself; and as she said this, her countenance assumed an expression which showed that it was not a mere boast. Altogether she described her journey as being *grausam* (horrible) in the highest degree, and, indeed, even the recollection of it made her shudder; but at the time there was the anticipation of an unspeakable happiness, which made all fatigues light, and all dangers indifferent.

At length, in the beginning of August, she arrived at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy, too great to be restrained, almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and took, she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last he stammered out, "I am sorry—but the Henri Ambos mentioned in this paper—*is dead!*" Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

When she reached this part of her story she burst into a fresh flood of tears, wrung her hands, and for some time could utter nothing but passionate exclamations of grief. "Ach! liebe Gott! was far ein schrecklich hicheal war das meine!" "What a horrible fate was mine! I had come thus far to find—not my brother—*nur ein grab!*" (only a grave!) she repeated several times with an accent of despair. The unfortunate man died a year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused an ulcer in his leg, which he neglected, and, after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. The task work, for nearly five years, of this accomplished and even learned man, in the prime of life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors.

In giving you, thus conscientiously, the mere outline of this story, I have spared you all comments; I see, by those indignant strides majestical, that you are making comments to yourself; but sit down and be quiet if you can; I have not much more to tell!

She found, on inquiry, that some papers and letters, which her unhappy brother had drawn up by stealth, in the hope of being able at some time to convey them to his friends, were in the possession of one of the officers, who readily gave them up to her; and with these she returned, half broken-hearted, to St. Petersburg. If her former journey, when hope cheered her on the way, had been so fearful, what must have been her return? I was not surprised to hear that, on her arrival, she was seized with a dangerous illness, and was for many weeks confined to her bed.

Her story excited much commiseration, and a very general interest and curiosity was excited about herself. She told me that a great many persons of rank invited her to their houses, and made her rich presents, among which were the splendid shawls and the ring, which had caught my attention, and excited my surprise, in the first instance. The Emperor expressed a wish to see her, and very graciously spoke a few words of condolence. "But they could not bring my brother back to life!" said she expressively. He even presented her to the Empress. "And what," I asked, "did the Empress say to you?" "*Nothing*; but she looked *so*"—drawing herself up.

On receiving her brother's pardon from the Emperor, she had written home to her family; but she confessed that since that time she had not written, she had not courage to inflict a blow which might possibly affect her mother's life; and yet the idea of being obliged to tell what she dared not write seemed to strike her with terror.

But the strangest event of this strange story remains to be told; and I will try to give it in her own simple words.

She left Petersburg in October, and proceeded to Riga, where those who had known her brother received her with interest and kindness, and sympathized in her affliction. "But," said she, "there was one thing I had resolved to do which still remained undone. I was resolved to see the woman who had been the original cause of all my brother's misfortunes. I thought if once I could say to her, 'Your falsehood has done this!' I should be satisfied; but my brother's friends dissuaded me from this idea. They said it was better not; that it would do my poor Henri no good; that it was unchristian; and I submitted. I left Riga with a voiturier. I had reached Pojer, on the Prussian frontiers, and there I stopped at the Douane, to have my packages searched. The chief officer looked at the address on the trunk, and exclaimed, with surprise, 'Mademoiselle Ambos! Are you any relation of the Professor Henri Ambos?' 'I am his sister.' 'Good God! I was the intimate friend of your brother! What has become of him! I then told him all I have now told you, liebe madame! and when I came to an end, this good man burst into tears, and for some time we wept together. The kutscher (driver), who was standing by, heard all this conversation; and when I turned round, he was crying too. My brother's friend pressed on me offers of service and hospitality, but I could not delay; for, besides that my impatience to reach home increased every hour, I had not much money in my purse. Of three thousand dollars, which I had taken with me to St. Petersburg, very little remained, so I bade him farewell, and I proceeded. At the next town, where my kutscher stopped to feed his horses, he came to the door of my caleche, and said, 'You have just missed seeing the Jew lady, whom your brother was in love with; that caleche which passed us by just now, and changed horses here, contained Mademoiselle S——, her sister, and her sister's husband!' Good God! imagine my surprise! I could not believe my fortune; it seemed that Providence had delivered her into my hands, and I was resolved that she should not escape me. I knew they would be delayed at the custom-house. I ordered the man to turn and drive back as fast as possible, promising a reward of a dollar, if he overtook them. On reaching the custom-house, I saw a caleche standing at a little distance. I felt myself tremble, and my heart beat so, but not with fear. I went up to the caleche—two ladies were sitting in it. I addressed the one who was the most beautiful, and said, 'Are you Mademoiselle Emily S——?'

"I suppose I must have looked very strange and wild, and resolute, for she replied, with a frightened manner, 'I am; who are you, and what do you want with me?' I said, 'I am the sister of Henri Ambos, whom you murdered!' She shrieked out; the men came running from the house; but I held fast the carriage door. 'I am not come to hurt you, but you are the murderess of my brother Henry Ambos. He loved you, and your falsehood has killed him. May God punish you for it! May his ghost pursue you to the end of your life!' I remember no more. I was like one mad. I have just a recollection of her ghastly, terrified look, and her eyes wide open, staring at me. I fell into fits; and they carried me into the house of my brother's friend, and laid me on a bed. When I recovered my senses, the caleche and all were gone. When I reached Berlin, all this appeared to me so miraculous—so like a dream—I could not trust to my own recollection, and I wrote to the Officer of Customs, to beg he would attest that it was really true, and what I had said when I was out of my senses, and what *she* had said; and at Leipsic I received this letter, which I will show you." And at Mayence she showed me this letter, and a number of other documents; her brother's pardon, with the Emperor's signature; a letter of the Countess Elise ——; a most touching letter from her unfortunate brother (over this she wept much), and a variety of other papers, all proving the truth of her story, even to the minutest particulars. The next morning we were to part. I was going down the Rhine, and she was to proceed to Deuxponts, which she expected to reach in two days. As she had travelled from Berlin almost without rest, except the night we had spent at Frankfort, she appeared to me ready to sink with fatigue; but she would not bid me farewell that night, although I told her I should be obliged to set off at six the next morning; but kissing my hand, with many expressions of gratitude, she said she would be awake and visit me in my room to bid me a last adieu. As there was only a very narrow passage between the two rooms, she left her door a little open that she might hear me rise. However, on the following morning she did not appear. When dressed, I went on tiptoe into her room, and found her lying in a deep, calm sleep, her arm over her head. I looked at her for some minutes, and thought I had never seen a finer creature. I then turned, with a whispered blessing and adieu, and went on my way.

This is all I can tell you. If, at the time, I had not been travelling against time, with a mind most fully and painfully occupied, I believe I should have been tempted to accompany my heroine to Deuxponts; at least I should have retained her narrative more accurately. Not having made any memoranda till many days afterwards, all the names have escaped my recollection; but if you have any doubts of the general truth of this story, I will at least give you the means of verifying it. Here is her name, in her own handwriting, on one of the leaves of my pocket-book—you can read the German character:

BETTY AMBOS VON ZWEIBRUCKEN.

DISCOVERY.

From "Ruskin's Political Economy of Art."

How are we to get our men of genius: that is to say, by what means may we produce among us, at any given time, the greatest quantity of effective art-intellect? A wide question, you say, involving an account of all the best means of art education. Yes, but I do not mean to go into the consideration of those; I want only to state the few principles which lie at the foundation of the matter. Of these, the first is that you have always to find your artist, not to make him; you can't manufacture him, any more than you can manufacture gold. You can find him, and refine him; you dig him out as he lies nugget-fashion in the mountain stream; you bring him home; and you make him into current coin, or household plate, but not one grain of him can you originally produce. A certain quantity of art-intellect is born annually in every nation, greater or less, according to the nature and cultivation of the nation, or race of men; but a perfectly fixed quantity annually, not increasable by one grain. You may lose it, or you may gather it; you may let it lie loose in the ravine, and buried in the sands, or you may make kings' thrones of it, and overlay temple gates with it, as you choose; but the best you can do with it is always merely sifting, melting, hammering, purifying—never creating. And there is another thing notable about this artistical gold; not only is it limited in quantity, but in use. You need not make thrones or golden gates with it unless you like, but assuredly you can't do anything else with it. You can't make knives of it, nor armour, nor railroads. The gold won't cut you, and it won't carry you: put it to a mechanical use, and you destroy it at once. It is quite true that in the greatest artists, their proper artistical faculty is united with every other; and you may make use of the other faculties, and let the artistical one lie dormant. For aught I know, there may be two or three Leonardo da Vincis employed at this moment in your harbours and railroads: but you are not employing their Leonardesque or golden faculty there, you are only oppressing and destroying it. And the artistical gift in average men is not joined with others; your born painter, if you don't make a painter of him, won't be a first-rate merchant or lawyer; at all events, whatever he turns out, his own special gift is unemployed by you; and in no wise helps him in that other business. So here you have a certain quantity of a particular sort of intelligence, produced for you annually by providential laws, which you can only make use of by setting it to its own proper work, and which any attempt to use otherwise involves the dead loss of so much human energy. Well, then, suppose we wish to employ it, how is it to be best discovered and refined? It is easily enough discovered. To wish to employ it is to discover it. All that you need is a school of trial in every important town, in which those idle farmers' lads, whom their masters never can keep out of mischief, and those stupid tailors' 'prentices, who are always stitching the sleeves in, wrong way upwards, may have a try at this other trade; only this school of trial must not be entirely regulated by formal laws of art education, but must ultimately be the workshop of a good master painter, who will try the lads with one kind of art and another, till he find out what they are fit for. Next, after your trial school, you want your easy and secure employment, which is the matter of chief importance. For, even on the present system, the boys who have really intense art capacity generally make painters of themselves; but then, the best half of their early energy is lost in the battle of life. Before a good painter can get employment, his mind has always been embittered, and his genius distorted. A common mind usually stoops, in plastic chill, to whatever is asked of it, and scrapes or daubs its way complacently into public favour. But your great men quarrel with you, and you revenge yourselves by starving them for the first half of their lives. Precisely in the degree in which any painter possesses original genius, is at present the increase of moral certainty that during his early years he will have a hard battle to fight; and that just at the time when his conceptions ought to be full and happy, his temper gentle, and his hopes enthusiastic—just at that most critical period, his heart is full of anxieties and household cares; he is chilled by disappointments, and vexed by injustice: he becomes obstinate in his errors, no less than in his virtues, and the arrows of his aims are blunted, as the reeds of his trust are broken.

What we mainly want, therefore, is a means of sufficient and unagitated employment: not holding out great prizes for which young painters are to scramble; but furnishing all with adequate support and opportunity to display such power as they possess without rejection or mortification. I need not say that the best field of labour of this kind would be presented by the constant progress of public works involving various decorations; and we will presently examine what kind of public works may thus, advantageously for the nation, be in constant progress. But a more important matter, even than this of steady employment, is the kind of criticism with which you, the public, receive the works of the young men submitted to you. You may do much harm by indiscreet praise; but remember, the chief harm is always done by blame. It stands to reason that a young man's work cannot be perfect. It *must* be more or less ignorant; it must be more or less feeble; it is likely that it may be more or less experimental, and if experimental, here and there mistaken. If, therefore, you allow yourself to launch out into sudden barking at the first faults you see, the probability is that you are abusing the youth for some defect naturally and inevitably belonging to that stage of his progress; and that you might just as rationally find fault with a child for not being as prudent as a privy councillor, or with a kitten for not being as grave as a cat. But there is one fault which you may be quite sure is unnecessary, and therefore a real and blameable fault: that is haste, involving negligence. Whenever you see that a young man's work is either bold or slovenly, then you may attack it firmly; sure of being right. If his work is bold, it is insolent; repress his insolence. If it is slovenly, it is indolent; repress his indolence. So long as he works in that dashing or impetuous way, the best hope for him is in your contempt; and it is only by the fact of his seeming not to seek your approbation that you may conjecture he deserves it.

But if he does deserve it, be sure that you give it him, else you not only run a chance of driving him from the right road by want of encouragement, but you deprive yourselves of the happiest privilege you will ever have, of rewarding his labour. For it is only the young who can receive much reward from men's praise: the old, when they are great, get too far beyond and above you to care what you think of them. You may urge them then with sympathy, and surround them with acclamation; but they will doubt your pleasure, and despise your praise. You might have cheered them in their race through the asphodel meadows of their youth; you might have brought the proud, bright scarlet into their faces, if you had but cried once to them "Well done," as they dashed up to the first goal of their early ambition. But now, their pleasure is in memory, and their ambition is in heaven. They can be kind to you, but you never more can be kind to them. You may be fed with the fruit and fulness of their old age, but you were as the nipping blight to them in their blossoming, and your praise is only as the warm winds of autumn to the dying branches.

There is one thought still, the saddest of all, bearing on this withholding of early help. It is possible, in some noble natures, that the warmth and affections of childhood may remain unchilled, though unanswered; and that the old man's heart may still be capable of gladness, when the long-withheld sympathy is given at last. But in these noble natures it nearly always happens that the chief motive of early ambition has not been to give delight to themselves, but to their parents. Every noble youth looks back, as to the chiefest joy which this world's honour ever gave him, to the moment when first he saw his father's eyes flash with pride, and his mother turn away her head, lest he should take her tears for tears of sorrow. Even the lover's joy, when some worthiness of his is acknowledged before his mistress, is not so great as that, for it is not so pure—the desire to exalt himself in her eyes mixes with that of giving her delight; but he does not need to exult himself in his parents' eyes: it is with the pure hope of giving them pleasure that he comes to tell them what he has done, or what has been said of him; and, therefore, he has a purer pleasure of his own. And this purest and best of rewards you keep from him if you can: you feed him in his tender youth with sabes and disbonour; and then you come to him, obsequious, but too late, with your sharp laurel crown, the dew all dried from off its leaves; and you thrust it into his languid hand, and he looks at you wistfully. What shall he do with it? What can he do, but go and lay it on his mother's grave?

Thus, then, you see that you have to provide for your young men: first, the searching or discovering school; then the calm employment: then the justice of praise; one thing more you have to do for them in preparing them for full service—namely, to make, in the noble sense of the word, gentlemen of them; that is to say, to take care that their minds receive such training that in all they paint they shall see and feel the noblest things. I am sorry to say that of all parts of an artist's education this is the most neglected among us; and that even where the natural taste and feeling of the youth have been pure and true, where there was the right stuff in him to make a gentleman of, you may too frequently discern some jarring rents in his mind, and elements of degradation in his treatment of subject, owing to want of gentle training, and of the liberal influence of literature. This is quite visible in our greatest artists, even in men like Turner and Gainsborough; while in the common grade of our second-rate painters the evil attains a pitch which is far too sadly manifest to need my dwelling upon it. Now, no branch of art economy is more important than that of making the intellect at your disposal pure as well as powerful; so that it may always gather for you the sweetest and fairest things. The same quantity of labour from the same man's hand will, according as you have trained him, produce a lovely and useful work, or a base and hurtful one; and, depend upon it, whatever value it may possess, by reason of the painter's skill, its chief and final value, to any nation, depends upon its being able to exalt and refine, as well as to please; and that the picture which most truly deserves the name of an art-treasure is that which has been painted by a good man.

You cannot but see how far this would lead, if I were to enlarge upon it. I must take it up as a separate subject some other time: only noticing at present that no money could be better spent by a nation than in providing a liberal and disciplined education for its painters, as they advance into the critical period of their youth; and that also a large part of their power during life depends upon the kind of subjects which you, the public, ask them for, and therefore the kind of thoughts with which you require them to be habitually familiar. I shall have more to say on this head when we come to consider what employment they should have in public buildings.

There are many other points of nearly as much importance as these, to be explained with reference to the development of genius; but I should have to ask you to come and hear six lectures instead of two if I were to go into their detail. For instance, I have not spoken of the way in which you ought to look for those artificers in various manual trades, who, without possessing the order of genius which you would desire to devote to higher purposes, yet possess wit, and humour, and sense of colour, and fancy for form—all commercially valuable as quantities of intellect, and all more or less expressible in the lower arts of iron-work, pottery, decorative sculpture, and such like. But these details, interesting as they are, I must commend to your own consideration, or leave for some future inquiry. I want just now only to set the bearing of the entire subject broadly before you, with enough of detailed illustration to make it intelligible; and therefore I must quit the first head of it here, and pass to the second, namely, how best to employ the genius we discover. A certain quantity of able hands and heads being placed at our disposal, what shall we most advisably set them upon?

EXPLORATION OF AFRICA.

At length there seems a fair prospect of the habitable parts of the continent of Africa being fully explored, and opened to the civilization and religion of Western Europe. The keen interest awakened on the subject by Dr. Livingstone's fascinating volume will, at the present moment, make any information on the subject peculiarly acceptable. It will be recollected that before the close of the special session of Parliament early last month, it was announced that government intended to propose a vote of £5,000 to fit out an expedition under the superintendence of the distinguished African explorer, at whose disposal was to be placed a steam-vessel of light draught, capable of ascending the river Zambesi. Since then, Dr. Livingstone has been actively engaged in organising his expedition. In order that the work of exploration may be successfully accomplished this year, it is necessary that the vessel should start very early in the season. In consequence of the short time at his disposal, it is doubtful if the Doctor will be able to pay his promised visit to Lisbon, to consult with the king and the Portuguese government before his departure. We learn that Lord Clarendon, who takes great interest in the enterprise, has left the zealous head of the expedition to mature his own plans in conjunction with the Geographical and Royal Societies. With their coöperation Dr. Livingstone has now nearly completed his arrangements. It has been determined that the gentlemen to accompany him will be Commander Beddingfield, R.N., well known for his exploration of the Congo and other African rivers; Dr. Kirk, a distinguished M.D. of Edinburgh, who goes out as the economic botanist of the expedition; Mr. Richard Thornton, of the Geological School of Mines, who is to be the mining geologist; Mr. Baines, who is a first rate artist, and has travelled in tropical regions and Australia; and Mr. Livingstone, the Doctor's brother, who will attend the expedition as associate and companion, and take charge of the little establishment which the Doctor hopes to fix for a time at the confluence of one of the tributaries to the Zambesi. The council of the Geographical Society have expressed a very decided wish that, considering the unhealthiness of the delta of the Zambesi below Tete—that is for the last 250 miles—the expedition shall be forwarded from the mouth of the river to Tete in a decked steam-vessel of light draught, and that the steam launch now in preparation shall carry the party on from that point.

The expedition is mainly preliminary, for the purpose of collecting information. Should it be successful, it will no doubt be followed by another on a larger and more complete scale. Though it will be composed exclusively of Englishmen, there is reason to hope that the Portuguese government, who have generously taken upon themselves the charge of Dr. Livingstone's native companions at Quillimaine till his return, will cordially coöperate by affording every facility to the expedition, and by helping to make the Zambesi a highway for European commerce.

So much for the efforts to open Africa on the eastern side. Dr. Barth's interesting volumes have already fully acquainted the world with his persevering and successful efforts to penetrate the interior of Africa from the north. The progress of Dr. Vogel, another celebrated explorer, has been arrested by the hostility of the natives; and whether he has come to an untimely end, or is kept a prisoner by the Sult